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JULY

VOGUE

WHAT'S NEXT IN FASHION

THE NEW CLOTHES, THE FASCINATING FACES THAT MAKE THE CHANGE

BEAUTY BIOGRAPHIES

10 PERSONAL HISTORIES BY A SPY AT THE DRESSING TABLE

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE AND THE FASHION FOR PANTS

THE NEW REPTILE CHIC: SHOES AND BOOTS

JAMES BOND'S GIRLS

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JULY, 1964

INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR

VOGUE

AMERICAN FRENCH BRITISH AUSTRALIAN NEW ZEALAND SOUTH AFRICAN
I. S. V.-PATCÉVITCH, President
Alexander Liberman, Editorial Director



COVER: Fashion for every moment this summer—banner-bright silk in a clean, strong blue, circled and striped with stained-glass colours. This is one of the brilliant Emilio Pucci prints collected by Saks Fifth Avenue—and most of the smartest women in the world. The midsummer make-up: Sunbronze Veilescence, a frothy foundation to even a suntan: iridescent gold eye shadow, laced with mocha brown; Cultured Pink lipstick—all by Charles of the Ritz. Bogus turquoise ring by Jack Gilbert. At Saks Fifth Avenue.

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Vol. 144, No. 1, Whole No. 2121
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VOGUE INCORPORATING VANITY FAIR IS PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY, EXCEPT FOR THE MONTHS OF MAY, JUNE, JULY, AND DECEMBER, WHEN IT IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY, BY THE CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS INC., 420 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10017. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN U. S. AND POSSESSIONS, $10 FOR ONE YEAR, $17 FOR TWO YEARS, $22 FOR THREE YEARS. IN CANADA, $11 FOR ONE YEAR, $19 FOR TWO YEARS, $25 FOR THREE YEARS. ELSEWHERE, $15 FOR ONE YEAR, PAYABLE IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES IN U. S. AND CANADA, 75¢. ELSEWHERE, $1.15. SIX WEEKS ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS. IN ORDERING A CHANGE, WRITE TO VOGUE, BOULDER, COLORADO. GIVE BOTH NEW AND OLD ADDRESS AS PRINTED ON LAST LABEL.

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FLIGHT OVER AFRICA

The upper skies, the great rivers, churning desert, and the famous animals

BY GORDON PARKS

EDITOR'S NOTE: Gordon Parks, a prize-winning photographer-journalist, wrote these highly personal notes on Africa when he flew there recently to photograph the velvet-green jungle scenes in this issue. He is also the author of *The Learning Tree*, a novel about his boyhood, published last year by Harper & Row. The model on the Vogue team, Liz Campbell, shown on page 96 balancing a blue cushion on her head in front of an elephant, is, in private life, Mrs. Gordon Parks.

Over Ismailia, Aswan, Toski, Wadi Halfa, Abu Hamed, Dongola, and Shendi we flew, it seemed, faster than sound, splintering the silence of mysterious African night, pushing time, intercepting hours yet unlived in Kansas, Minnesota, or Texas. Paris and Rome lay far behind as we streaked high above the Nubian Desert heat. A moment of confusing light shone far below—the moon shimmering on the twisting Nile. The stars moved with us, accompanied our long descent toward Khartoum, lying small, jewel-like in the immeasurable blackness.

We banked steeply into the dark and suddenly Khartoum, withdrawn into itself a few moments before, was rushing up to welcome us. We greeted it with yawning eyes. The airport was alive with the white-robed and ebony-skinned whose indulgent eyes drew us out. We looked of the West, strangers to their heat, desert, colour, and talk. So many stars between us. So many empty spaces for bush to grow and sands to roll.

We, not they, were on display; and discomfort turned us to the trinkets and wares. As they were of no worth, there was no reward for the hawkers who stayed awake.

Airborne again. The world tilted as we shot swiftly into the upper skies toward Nairobi and morning. Then, far below to the left, a ball of red sun, big in the approaching dawn, moved up from the horizon, and proving its ageless sovereignty, spiked unmerciful heat into a sandstorm that churned the desert for as far as the eye could see. Pity for those caught in the evil of the haboob's fierce beauty.

There, miles below, stopped where the long brown river snaked out from the desert, were two camels and their riders—stopped where there was every good reason to stop. They crouched between their animals just before the mountain of black sand blotted them from our view. One could only speak to God for them. Now, Sennar, Malakal, Jinja, and Entebbe. Next, Mounts Kenya and Kilimanjaro envying one another's majesty.

On southward, pillaged and evangelized for mortal stakes, Kenya's wilderness, strung out in all faraway directions; holding tribes, rites, and customs that stream through backward time; harbouring things long fearsome to man, jungle, leopard, lion, and cobra. A sun glint summoned the eye beneath a cloud break and there, speaking the future, was Nairobi.

We go in noisily, jarring hostile animals' ears. Nairobi, tolerably hot, filled with Africans, Indians, a sprinkling of British doggedly holding on, sipping tea of colonial afternoons, proclaiming right, fingering wrong, acknowledging, painfully, the current now running strongly from native source.

The Rhodesias lie another three hours ahead. We roared down the runway and lifted off, our quake scattering a herd of giraffe into ridiculously graceful loping several miles beyond the clearing. Wembere Steppe, Tabora, Mpwapwa to our left; Ujiji, Nyangwe, the Lualaba river far beyond the clouds to our right. And though blood spilled as we burst over the plains of Tanganyika, our air was full of peace. The slaughter belonged to them below, whoever they were. Such height as ours lay grief and concern to rest. We had not come to fight or die.

Nor could the hotel at Victoria Falls be kept waiting. Several hippos, bubbling in the slow-moving Zambesi River, dived from our noise. A pair of drowsy lions, used to the age of motors and more dangerous than they appeared, crouched in the shade of a monkey tree. We were at journey's end now and Livingstone's Africa was opening beneath us like a giant flower. But like a melting mountain, the awesome falls of Victoria emptied unsparingly in its valley of constant rain.

That night, after a sunset only a poem could tell, a huge single star, hypnotic, brilliant, and unbelievable, hung moon-bright over the black Zambesi, shimmering the water. Things said of such beauty seem weak. Only the traveller's eye can know the truth—and, perhaps, lock it in the memory.

ESTÉVEZ

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BLACK CREPE, ABOUT 100 DOLLARS

VOGUE, July, 1964



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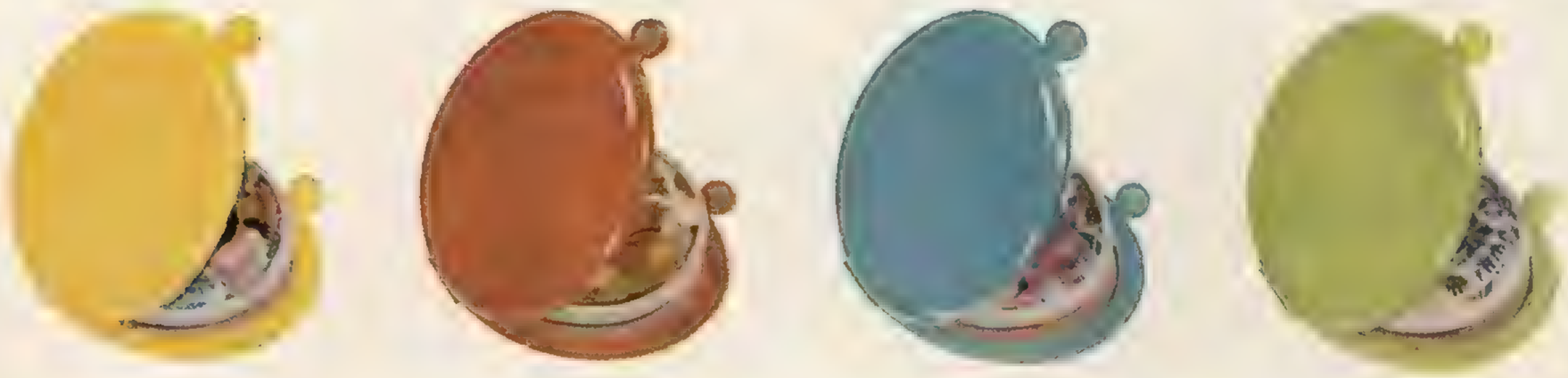
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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

Mannequin remake

It's been going on for weeks at Vogue—but this issue is the first to register it visibly: the remaking of the make-up worn by Vogue's models. Pages 54 to 67 are, in terms of beauty, a new landscape. The architect, the famous Pablo, visiting the United States from Elizabeth Arden's salon in Rome. His assignment: to "open" the face and find in it a look newly young and clean. . . . In principle, this is what he did in every case: Lightened the eyebrows (device: water-thinned grey-brown liquid eyeliner, applied with a fine-pointed paint brush). Natural beige skin (device, Natural Pat-a-Crème). On cheeks, forehead, even nose, cream rouge (device, Elizabeth Arden's Wild Pink cream rouge). Lots of white liner on the entire eyelid; a wedge of it at outer corners of the eyes. Two pairs of fake black eyelashes sandwiched over one another, each set trimmed to give a round, rather than upswept line. One pair of brown fake eyelashes under the eyes. Mascara. Fragile Pink eye shadow at the inside corners of the eyes, and a little of same directly under each eyebrow. Silver Geranium lipstick. Face powder used sparingly. The glow: established by moisturizer put on the face before anything else, then blotted off. . . . Watching the proceedings, we were fascinated by the utter cleanliness Pablo insists upon before he begins a make-up. (A surgeon preparing a tricky case could hardly be more thorough.) Gentle, repeated swabbings of cleansing liquid for the whole face; special attention to cleanliness around the eye. . . .

An arm and a leg

Because the next skirt you see in fashion (see pages 60 and 61) will have no more length to it than a golf skirt, this much is dazzlingly clear: the leg is about to come in for the most unmerciful attention it's had in years. And the same knee that knobbed out of Bermuda shorts some time back will once more be around to dismay or enchant, depending on its shape and condition. . . . What we know about legs and knees is this: they can get out of condition fast; can get back into shape only slowly (at least six weeks of directed exercise before improvement is obvious). . . . We take the view that if everything's firm and in place, the leg has some charm, whatever its structural tendencies. The latter, by the way, are implied in, of all things, *the shape of the arm.* To know in accurate detail a leg's shape, a sculptor has only to look at an individual's arm—its proportion duplicates that of the leg, almost uncannily. If your arms are well shaped, if they give the impression of good proportion, there is usually no reason why your legs shouldn't be quite good. . . .

Fingernail news—ten cheers

It had to happen. A cosmetic of interest, a cosmetic out to do what a modern cosmetic ought to do—namely, improve matters to the temporary or eternal joy of many women—got itself in trouble. The preparation began as a local custom (South American women bought the basic solution from their pharmacists); was studied, improved, and brand-named (Switzerland); achieved popularity (France, Italy); hit pay dirt (chicerinos everywhere brought it to the U.S. as the latest beauty trophy); met the law (F.D.A.) and was served with notice to the effect that it could not be sold across counters in this country; the Federal Drug Administration considered it unsafe. What it was, you might have guessed by now, was Mavala, a nail-hardening liquid with a remarkable record of results—and, as it developed, an Achilles heel. Because it contained formaldehyde or Formalin, a solution to which the skin tends to be sensitive, it was capable of bad news *if improperly used;* that is, if it touched the flesh around the finger or was stroked beyond the tip of the nail onto the pink. But women who knew how to use it knew what they wanted—and Mavala became a kind of bootleg cosmetic brought in by fans returning from Europe. Because it had a niche, because it had obvious strengths, the race was on to make it "clean" in the eyes of the good F.D.A. After two years, the word is: Mavala has made the grade with the F.D.A., its okay based on two changes—revised labelling and the addition of a nail shield which protects with no-monkey-business sufficiency. Ten cheers for everyone. . . .

NEW! HELENE CURTIS

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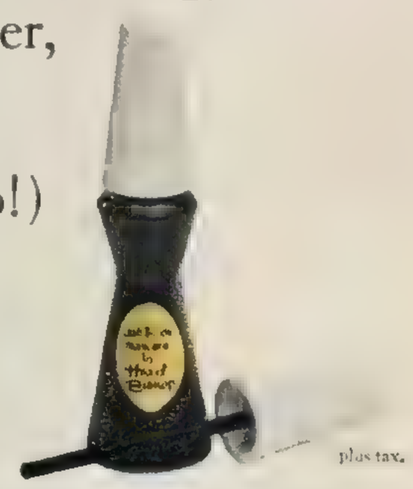
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john t. Shayne

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PARAGON TRAVELLER EXERCISES ALOFT

Ten isometric exercises (some illustrated, page 100) that see her through snack-happy plane trips.

A bit ago, Sargent Shriver the Director of the President's Anti-Poverty Program received some newspaper coverage for stretching out, bushed, on the floor of a plane. Our Paragon Traveller was taken aback. She knew that the urge to stretch on a plane happens to almost every airborne body, and it's an urge as strong as a sudden invitation from your back to scratch it.

But she has been handling compulsive stretching efficiently and unobtrusively—and the while embellishing her muscle tone and whittling away at her waistline—by stealthy isometric exercises. Somewhat equivalent to pacing the deck on a ship, they can be done at any time on a plane, without even the ripple of fast breathing.

Here is a plane program of ten isometrics she worked out with Vic Obeck, Director of Physical Education at New York University, whose book, *How to Exercise Without Moving a Muscle,* will be published by Bernard Geis this autumn.

Note: Every muscle contraction should be held for *six seconds* (Mr. Obeck counts one-thousand-and-one through one-thousand-and-six to determine this), and every exercise should be accompanied by *normal* breathing — no holding the breath.

Abdominals:

1. Incline chair back. Lock feet under chair in front. Pull in abdomen as hard as you can and try to raise your straight legs up.

Hips:

2. Standing up, pull in abdomen as above. Notice how it tightens the hips.

Outer thighs:

3. Put feet forward and into the area below the seat in front of you. Keeping legs straight, try to press feet apart against braces.

Inner thighs:

4. Put a foot on left and right side of foot rest and attempt to squeeze together.

Neck:

5. Press head back against chair.
6. Press head forward against seat in front and hold for six.
7. Hold hand against right side of head, and try to press head to the right side while pushing it toward the left with left hand.

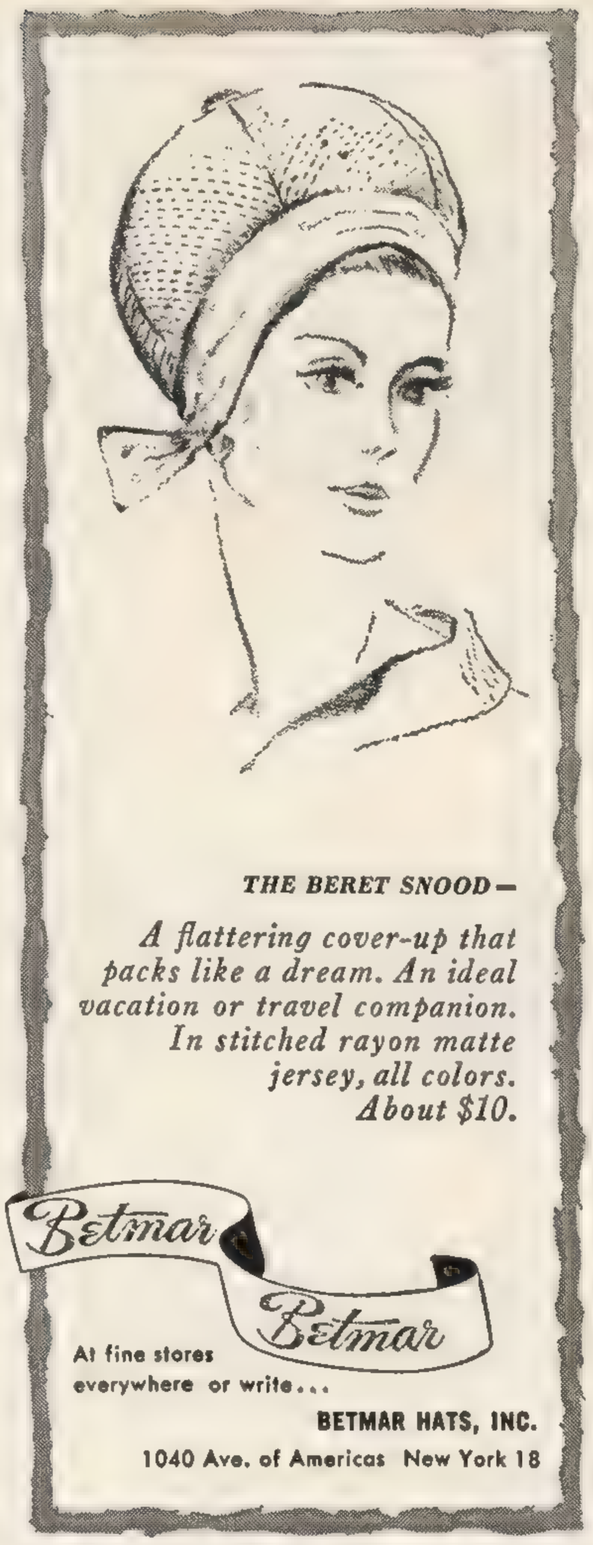
Arms, shoulders, chest:

8. Interlock fingers in front of your chest and attempt to pull them apart.
9. Grasp hands, palm to palm, in front of chest and press together as vigorously as you can.

Overall exercise:

10. Sit upright on seat, feet flat on floor, shoes off. Place hands on knees. Pull in abdomen and press down on knees; try to raise heels off floor.

Doing all of these at strategic intervals, our Paragon Traveller feels she can with clear conscience partake of the culinary delights of the flight; for instance, on Pan American's New York-Lisbon-Barcelona-Nice-Rome run, a ten-hour affair, a menu along this order: Leaving New York at 10:15 P.M., an SH (Pan American for Snack Hot), the snack in this case being Lobster Thermidor, fresh asparagus, salad, fresh fruit tart, with champagne or wine (First Class); or Vol au Vent Toulousaine and Petits Fours (Economy). Prior to landing at Lisbon, 4:40 A.M. New York time, a hot breakfast consisting of you-name-your-style eggs; a fillet steak; sweet rolls and muffins; juice and fruit. During the hour and a half hop from Lisbon to Barcelona, another SH, this time mushroom omelette, fresh strawberries, champagne. During the fifty-five minutes from Barcelona to Nice, cocktails and puff paste canapés. On the fifty-five minutes from Nice to Rome, cold meats (First Class) or assorted finger sandwiches (Economy). Here the Paragon Traveller gets dietary—in spite of her isometrics. So she eats the delicious fillings only, leaves the bread for the Roman birds.



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books

BY JEAN STAFFORD

THE SOUL OF KINDNESS, "*blighting good deeds*"

Elizabeth Taylor, in her new novel, *The Soul of Kindness* (Viking), focuses her unfalteringly intelligent eye on Flora Quartermaine, a faint-brained woman, peaceably lovely to behold, tirelessly loyal and altruistic to her loving entourage of husband, mother, friends, servants. Tall as she is, and hypokinetic, she has retained little-girl arts and pouts that beguile. They also, on occasion, annoy, and with the annoyance goes guilt. Indeed, Flora with her good intentions and her tender, very firm ministrations generates a great deal of guilt in the objects of her affection. They are too fond, and she is too pious toward herself in her charity to know that her loyalty is, in fact, infantile possessiveness and her altruism is a pigheaded need to have her world the way she wants it.

Her gentle, bucolic machinations, motivated by the best conscious considerations in the world, are secretly a nuisance, a bore, and, in one case, a threat to life among the members of her small dominion. Subtly she shanghais Percy Quartermaine, her father-in-law, into making an honest woman of his mistress with whom he has comfortably spun out the years of his widowerhood, and life thereafter is not the same. It was much better when she lived in her flat and he lived in his and they spent seemly, domesticated evenings in hers, ending at ten. Now, in a single establishment, he must sneak to pursue his covert hobby of conducting orchestras in "The Ride of the Valkyries" or the last movement of Brahms's First Symphony while he plays the phonograph loudly; marriage means entertaining, which he despises; flowers, which he finds a bother, replace dessicated bulrushes that he highly values. Unruffled as a sinner, he is testy and frustrated as a married man.

Flora endeavours to promote a romance between her schoolgirl friend, Meg Driscoll, and a writer whose heart palpitates only for a scrubbed-up, de-accented Cockney youth named Frankie. Obedient to Flora, up to a point, the writer feels put upon and embarrassed; Meg, disconcerted by hopes and disappointments, is woeful. With tears and cajolery and protestations of total dependence on her, Flora imprisons her housekeeper, Mrs. Lodge, a countrywoman who is wretched in London ("You get a better class of birds in the country," she says, pining for cuckoos), and one has the feeling that the poor soul is sentenced for life to making do with metropolitan sparrows and starlings of bad character and vulgar voices. And Flora, contentedly imagining that her mother is happy in her village with a devoted housekeeper and old friends, is dismayed when Richard, her husband, propels Mrs. Secretan into making plans to go extensively abroad because she is much in want of a change. In point of fact, Mrs. Secretan's housekeeper is invasive and nettlesomely neurotic, the village has become an ungainly suburb full of strangers, and the old friends are dead or ill. But Flora, to whom certain aspects of the status quo are necessary, chooses to know none of this, and she is shocked to think of her mother's spending Christmas in the Holy Land when Christmas has always been ceremoniously observed at home—for Flora's sake.

Kit Driscoll, Meg's young brother, worships Flora blindly. She undertakes to further his acting career and flatters him irrationally by her faith in his talent which comes to nothing; and after she has fastidiously, exquisitely nursed him through a bout of flu, he sticks his head in the gas oven because he is so despairingly in love with this paragon, as unattainable as the farthest star. He is rescued and revived, but this near thing beclouds Flora's sunny world; only, however, one is sure, for the moment and very soon tears will stop swelling her pretty eyes and soon she will commence to perpetrate new blighting good deeds.

Mrs. Taylor writes, as she has always done, about people unmemorable save in their relationships to one another; she completely knows her cast and she writes with a perfect poise and an adroitly embedded wit.

theatre

BY HENRY POPKIN

BLUES FOR MISTER CHARLIE, "*dramatic journalism*"

James Baldwin's play is an effective but conventional piece of dramatic journalism, inspired by the murder of a young Negro in Mississippi several years ago. It combines in dramatic form both a news column and an editorial, but what it does not have is an intricate, personally meaningful human situation. Even the setting Baldwin chose has helped to simplify matters, for, in the South, the Negro's problems are more obvious and more desperate.

After a few years in the North, the young hero of this play has become sufficiently emancipated to be a thorn in the side of the Southern whites in his home town. One of them shoots him, and is acquitted of murder. This drama has no complexity, no nuance. All the whites but one are exactly alike in their hatred and fear of the Negroes, and, indeed, they are entitled to be afraid, since the Negroes of the play are patently stronger, smarter, braver, wittier than the pathetic whites. The one white exception is a local editor who has "been driven half mad by blackness." Ever since an early romance with a Negro girl, he has lived with this obsession. But, obsessed or not, he is a white after all, and so, at the murder trial, he betrays his Negro friends.

Among the Negroes, a few old-fashioned folk are reluctant to be as free and bold as they should be, but, faced with the murder, they commit themselves to the good cause.

In this basically simple, in fact, simplistic drama, complications are artificially imposed from outside upon the form of the play. The time-scheme is more complex than any of the characters, since it follows two stories at once—the events preceding and the events following the murder. Certain characters are given soliloquies, set pieces which confirm the impression we already have of them. A bolder element of fantasy is present in the trial: here, the attorney for the state acts deliberately as the defender of the murderer, and a heroic-looking "counsel for the bereaved" prosecutes the case with an energetic brilliance that makes Perry Mason look like a stuttering novice in comparison—but the nominal realism of the rest of the play leaves us unprepared for this kind of fantasy.

In short, the materials of *Blues for Mister Charlie* would make a better essay than a play—especially if the essay were written by James Baldwin.

DUTCHMAN, "*a furious account*"

Off Broadway, LeRoi Jones's one-act play, *Dutchman*, attacks the more difficult and potentially more dramatic subject of the Negro in the North. Unlike Baldwin, Jones has found the experimental technique that his rage requires, and so he does not pretend to be writing a realistic drama. *Dutchman* is the encounter, not of two conventional characters, but of two archetypes—the respectable Negro square (wearing his uniform, a three-button suit) and the white Bohemian (a seductive Eve who enters eating an apple). If the white woman is vicious, she is more interestingly vicious than the white characters of *Blues for Mister Charlie:* Jones has not confined himself to giving her only plausible vices, but has made her the complete catalogue and storehouse of scornful pseudo-Bohemianism.

She undertakes a verbal seduction that ends with an extraordinary uninhibited dance. Enraged by this vast display of unfelt emotion, the Negro speaks a set piece beside which Baldwin's soliloquies are very pale—a furious account of Negro art as a substitute for murder, which would be a more reasonable product of the Negro's tragic condition. The Bohemian Eve responds by plunging a knife into the man she has been simultaneously courting and insulting. *That* is an encounter. Jones will be uncomfortable to live with, but he is a real dramatist, and, incidentally, he has provided a brilliant part for an extraordinary new actress, Jennifer West.

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THE SCENTED LIFE

Third in a series on living with fragrance: twelve colognes for a shopping list for July

Continuing Vogue's campaign to put scent in more lives more ways, this briefing on the most generous form of scent—the spready, all-over cologne, eau, mist. . . . Findable where? Almost everywhere—naturally the likes of Altman's; Filene's; Joseph Horne; B. Forman; Halle Bros.; H. & S. Pogue; Neusteters. Ice bucket: Baccarat.

Just think this is the way to saunter around the house—barefoot, as above, foot dressed in great shining clonks of jewellery from Cis at I. Magnin. Think it's also pretty dazzling to trip over great scents in their most spreadable form: eau. Here, recognizably, is Chanel No. 22 Eau de Cologne. . . . Blue Grass by Elizabeth Arden, designed as a flower mist, unbeatable as same. . . . In a fluted bottle made to spray, the great Guerlain accomplishment, Chant d'Arômes, a pure, sophisticated cologne.

Think this isn't a bad way to tool about the countryside all summer: loaded with deliciousness. Top of radiator cap, Lanvin's Spanish Geranium, about which too little is known—and its jealous users hope to keep it that way (it also comes in a lacquery red spray tube). . . . Facing this way, Voulez-Vous, an eau by D'Orsay, which good company has at last come through, as well, with Tilleul, the tonic scent circulated in Europe for awhile with great réclame. . . . Almost out of sight, but beamed upon by the driver, Corday's Fame, a spiced-up eau, meant in this light form to go for miles.

FOTIADES





Chilling away (perfectly acceptable cologne behaviour; you can keep the stuff in the refrigerator, no harm done): Crêpe de Chine toilet water by Millot, lovely, greeny. . . . Houbigant woodsy Eau de Chantilly. . . . L'Aimant, one of the best of Coty's eaux.

Cool down there, but even so, this woman won't wear anything—even her deep sea diving helmet—unless she's dressed in scent. Here: Evyan's White Shoulders—could turn the sea into a glorious garden. . . . Myrurgia, the Spanish chypre cologne by Maja. . . . Ambush, from the perfume of same name by Dana.



movies

BY JOAN DIDION

THE ORGANIZER, *"a parlour trick"*

That someone should have thought to cast Marcello Mastroianni as a seedy, itinerant, and slightly visionary nineteenth-century labour organizer—in *The Organizer*—marks the triumph of a certain misapprehension: the delusion that movie stars can and should do more than project personality, the notion that they should "act," that we would love them the more did they not suffer from the perversity of something called "type casting." I want to dissent. Movie stars are movie stars precisely because we know them so well—so well that, for better or for worse, we respond to their dissembling exactly as we might respond to an old friend trying to straight-face a fake beard. In *The Philadelphia Story* or *Summertime,* we expect Katharine Hepburn to be high-strung, well-bred, a woman trapped by her own intelligence. The Sophia Loren of *Two Women,* Academy Awards notwithstanding, is the same mindless, instinctive, determined Sophia Loren we knew and loved in *Houseboat,* the only distinction being the quality of stress. We expect Gregory Peck to make the unpopular decision, know that before the lights come up again John Wayne will Do What a Man's Gotta Do; we knew all along that Audrey Hepburn as Holly Golightly would end up not at "the bottom of a bottle of Seconals" but In Love, with accounts not only at Tiffany but at Givenchy. For a movie star to abandon the rôle that has made him or her a star is essentially legerdemain, and the director must then deal with a distracted audience, marvelling not at the action but instead at the cleverness of the trick. *(Who'd ever dream that punch-drunk fighter was Paul Newman? Who'd ever think that was Jason Robards, Jr., playing George S. Kaufman?)*

This kind of "cleverness" is part of the matter with *The Organizer,* for Marcello Mastroianni has, over the past several years, evolved a quite definite and quite (because no other star does it) interesting rôle: he is the twentieth-century urban drifter, the man without direction. Someone once described him, or one of his characters, as "the non-industrial man in an industrial society." The Mastroianni character is the man so weak that he can not even be said to be, in any significant sense, corruptible; he merely drifts into the ways of corruption, has the kind of pointless grace and moral helplessness that dooms women to frustration and despair. Consider the failed journalist in *La Dolce Vita,* the successful writer gone stale in *La Notte,* the blocked director in *8½.* In such movies he has been infinitely effective: he suggests, as perhaps no one else has, the void we sometimes sense at the centre of things. In *The Organizer* he suggests only that he has wandered onto the wrong set. As it happens, I am unable to share in the general enthusiasm for *The Organizer,* and so will admit that Mastroianni had little enough help: he was surrounded by the stock figures of agit-prop drama, made to move through scenes lifted from such great films as *The Bicycle Thief,* trapped in a rôle with no built-in dimension. What he made of that rôle was a parlour trick. In hopes of proving that he is who he pretends to be, he develops gimmicks, produces again and again (as if from a hat) such props as a darning egg, a pair of mangled glasses. *Come off it,* one wants to say, *we know you, there behind the beard.*

THE THIN RED LINE, *"best battle scenes"*

The Thin Red Line is a curiosity: a quite mediocre war movie, based upon the James Jones novel about Guadalcanal, with some of the best battle scenes—fast, lucid, beautiful—I've ever seen. It was in fact directed by a man who made his reputation as a second-unit director, Andrew Marton. He directed the best scenes in a great many movies in which more famous men directed the worst scenes. He did the chariot race in *Ben Hur,* a great deal of the beach footage in *The Longest Day,* the Dunkirk sequence in *Mrs. Miniver.* Unfortunately, he did all of *The Thin Red Line,* which pretty much proves that he should stay up there on the front lines with the second unit.



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PRIVATE LINE FROM LONDON

BY VIRGINIA COWLES

EDITOR'S NOTE: Virginia Cowles moves in the London mainstream as journalist, author, and scholar. Her recent books: *Gay Monarch*, and *The Kaiser*. A New Englander, married to Aiden Crawley, who now makes television documentaries for BBC, she has a reporter's quick ear; a historian's perspective.

Nowhere in the world is the grass greener, the salmon pinker, the strawberries sweeter than in England in "the season." Behind the solid phalanx of traditional events flows the real fun of London life—the informal lunch or dinner parties of eight to ten people. The lunch party is apt to be the most entertaining as its relative brevity encourages hostesses to fling unlikely combinations together and often the sparks fly. Lunch is always a mixed affair as no Englishman worth his salt will allow business to confine him to a ten-minute sandwich. Undoubtedly the queen of the London luncheon table is the beautiful, sharp-tongued, raven-haired Lady Pamela Berry, daughter of the famous F. E. Smith and wife of Michael Berry, owner and editor of the *Daily* and *Sunday Telegraph*, she is so provocative and often so outrageously funny that her parties can be as amusing as an Oscar Wilde comedy.

I have seen Harold Macmillan sitting at her table until 4:00 P.M.; and when I recently lunched with her, the five other guests—Kingsley Amis, the novelist, and four rival columnists, Bernard Levin, Alan Brien, Peregrine Worsthorne, and Henry Fairlie, stayed on until six o'clock. Pam rarely invites husbands and wives together and has no use for "even numbers." As the late Lady Cunard once remarked, "I ask people to luncheon to eat and to talk—not to mate!"

* * *

Everyone I know seems to be writing a book. Lord Birkenhead is working on a life of Lord Halifax. Robert Blake is writing a biography of Disraeli; Roy Jenkins of Mr. Asquith; Lord Kinross of the great Turkish leader, Ataturk. Randolph Churchill is working on a four-volume life of his father, while his youngest sister, Mary, wife of Christopher Soames, Minister of Agriculture, has embarked on a life of her mother. The Churchill books are bound to provide historians with a gold mine of material. Sir Winston's private correspondence ranges over a period of eighty years and involves all the most illustrious men of his time. It consists of tens of thousands of letters which repose in specially-made steel safes at Randolph's country house in Suffolk, and are insured for £750,000.

In Victorian days letters were treated with respect and tied up in ribbons. Consequently Randolph not only possesses his father's correspondence as a statesman but Winston's childhood letters to his parents. Even these have a Churchillian originality for they are painstakingly illustrated. In one Randolph showed me I remember a toothbrush and a large set of teeth drawn to reassure his mother that he was being a good boy.

Everyone knows that Sir Winston's correspondence will provide enthralling reading; but I predict that Lady Churchill's letters will arouse almost as much interest. She is a highly political, highly intelligent woman in her own right. She once told my husband that the years she enjoyed the most were the great liberal days from 1906 to 1914 when Winston deserted the Tories and served in Mr. Asquith's government. "We were completely ostracized by society which made everything more exciting," she said, laughing.

Lady Churchill has always been a strong liberal, and her letters to her husband will show what an important part she played in his political life. "Sometimes he took her advice and sometimes he didn't," Mary Soames told me. "And when he didn't he often regretted it later." I, myself, saw an example of this. During the last eighteen months of the war, Lady Churchill persistently urged her husband to publicize the Conservative Party's program for post-war Britain. But Winston would not hear of it. "I'm not going to put my mind on that until the war is won. Victory first; domestic considerations second." "Well, you're wrong," Lady Churchill retorted. "When the war is over it will be too late. The country needs time to digest a program before an election is sprung on it." No doubt when 1945 came, it proved to be an occasion when Sir Winston was sorry he had not heeded her words.

Another friend who is putting the finishing touches on a book is Elizabeth Pakenham whose husband, Frank, recently inherited his brother's title, Earl of Longford. Her book is on Queen Victoria—not as a monarch but as the mother of a large unruly brood which she was always trying to keep in order.

Both Elizabeth and Frank Longford are Socialists of thirty years standing, and if Harold Wilson comes to power in the October General Election, Lord Longford is almost certain to become leader of the House of Lords with a seat in the Cabinet. Lord Longford is more loved for his idiosyncracies than for his politics. He cares little for social gatherings and is so absorbed by the causes of crime, penal reform, and after-prison care that his friends complain that the only way to see him these days is to do a stretch at the penitentiary.

I have rarely known anyone so indifferent to convention. Once, some years ago, he appeared at our house in the country to spend the night. "Where's your suitcase?" I asked. "Not necessary," he replied, pulling a toothbrush out of his breast pocket, and lifting the leg of his trousers so that I could see the striped pajamas he was wearing underneath. Whenever I see an article about "travelling light" I feel I ought to put the writer in touch with Lord Longford.



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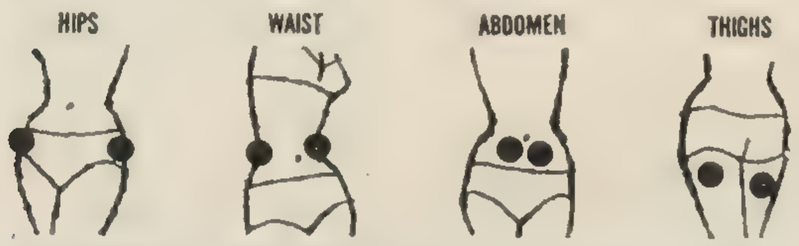
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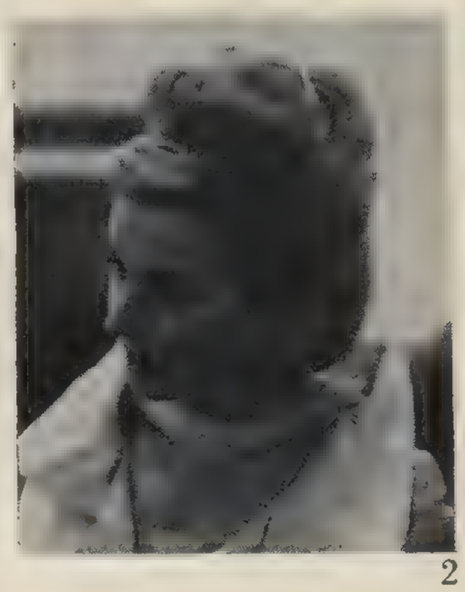


VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

A spirited champagne supper in New York, following a benefit performance of Bellini's *I Capuleti e I Montecchi*.



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Shimmer and pink gave a pervasive glow to the effective party—hazy, romantic—of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel I. Newhouse at The Four Seasons—all for the benefit of the Manhattan School of Music. Informally gay, the party had the spirit of strong pink, which ranged from the overflowing baskets of azaleas, hanging from the ceiling, to the superb buffet. In the pool dining room, where, at the centre, lies a white marble pool, the guests sat at small tables, flowered, candlelit. From trees at each corner of the pool, leafy shadows, moving slightly, formed on the ceiling. The party's crescendo came suddenly when, massed on the stairs, a happy, but impromptu chorus of Metropolitan Opera stars—Mary Costa, Giulietta Simionato, Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Richard Tucker, Giorgio Tozzi, Cesare Valletti, and Licia Albanese, led by John Brownlee, director of the Manhattan School, sang for Mrs. Newhouse, an operatically flourished, "Happy Birthday." 1. Mrs. Samuel I. Newhouse, Chairman of the Women's Committee of the Manhattan School of Music, with Mr. Philip Johnson. 2. Miss Mary Costa, who sang Juliet. 3. Miss Roberta Peters. 4. Mr. Thomas Schippers. 5. Mr. Howard J. Hook and Miss Pamela Drexel. 6. Dame Alicia Markova. 7. Miss Nonie Phipps. 8. Miss Giulietta Simionato, who sang Romeo. 9. Mrs. Newhouse with the chorus.



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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

The excitements of the Pavilion of Spain at the New York World's Fair



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To celebrate the opening of "the tiny Spain in Flushing Meadow," a jet full of distinguished Spaniards flew in from Madrid, bringing with them their zest, warmth, and irresistible gaiety. In their airy, escalated pavilion hang great paintings by Velasquez, El Greco, Dali, Picasso, and three by Goya, including the "Majas," clothed and nude. To the rattle of castanets and guitars, Spanish dancers dance from two until one; at nine, the new flamenco star, Antonio Gades, takes over the black-and-fuchsia theatre. This party, deftly planned by its charming chairman, Mrs. Anthony del Balso, benefited The Kips Bay Boys' Club of New York and the San Rafael Home for Crippled Boys in Madrid.

1. Marquesa de Villaverde, daughter of Generalissimo Franco. 2. Mrs. Angel Sanz-Briz and Marques Merry del Val, Spanish Ambassador to the U.S. 3. Countess of Romanones. 4. Mrs. Winston Guest, Miss Mary McFadden, Mr. John Gallahur, Marques de Villaverde. 5. Mrs. Alfonso Fierro, Mr. Anthony del Balso. 6. Mrs. Rodman De Heeren, Mr. Xavier Satrustegui, Mrs. Rittinghausen-Newman, Mr. Rodman De Heeren. 7. Mr. and Mrs. Salvador Dali.

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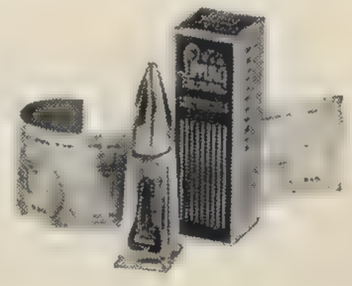
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JULY 1964

VOGUE.'S EYE VIEW: WOMEN IN PANTS



QUEEN SIRIKIT OF THAILAND AND HER SON, CROWN PRINCE VACHIRALONGKORN—BOTH IN BLUE JEANS

Men adore them," says a designer whose pants for women have become an international furore. "Men resent them," says the reluctant maker of some of the best women's pants in America. . . . "In two years," says a typical Parisienne of oracular persuasions, "every chic woman in Paris will be wearing them everywhere—to her office, to the smartest restaurants."

VOGUE SAYS THIS: Like hats or bikinis, pants are a point of view—you look right in them, you feel right in them, you have them in your wardrobe as a matter of course. Our guess is: there are more in your wardrobe this year than last. Our prediction: more to come—through the tailors who've made them work for women, the designers who've given them real importance in fashion, through the women who've worn them with wit and taste and unaffected femininity, pants have developed a chic practicality that's become a look . . . a way of life. We believe in the life: on the proper figure—slim-hipped, really narrow through the thighs—on the proper occasion, pants are a sharp, smart turnout, completely correct for our time. We like the profile that well-cut pants present to the world—the straight, imperceptibly narrowed hang; the barely visible break at the seat; the rise to the waist (or—right for the short-waisted figure—a rise to the hips), very slightly higher at the front than the back. We like the extended line pants give to the body, the length they add to the leg. We like the lanky, tucked-in way a woman stands in pants, and the way she moves—the longer step, the lithe, adventurous young gait. We like the spare, elegant proportion of long, loose tops over pants that fit on the leg as Chanel sleeves fit on the arm—not touching anywhere, not a jot of excess fabric, lean. We like stretch pants for skiing—and only for skiing; like the gay, relaxed rhythm of evenings at home in pretty silk pants and matching slippers with talon-twist heels—for small dinner parties in town, for dancing the ska in resort-country. Wherever it's summer, we like to see the clean break of white duck pants on bare brown feet. For hacking around in colder country (and for getting there—in a private plane, at the wheel of a small fast sports car), we like heavy knitted pants or robust cavalry twills, with a trig, chopped pea-jacket and flat-heeled suède moccasins. For the easy neighbourhood life on the big-city periphery, we're all for the truly luxe turnout: clear-cut worsted pants, creased to perfection; hooded pale-mink pull, fingertip-length; woolly gloves; beautiful boots—supple, sheathing, ankle-covering Congress-gaiters that slip under pants. As for pants beyond the periphery: Courrèges—whose own superb turnouts with their strict, unbroken line of pants slashed over the instep and made with an inner seam only, are a powerful argument—believes they will come to the city as surely as the automobile came. They will be powered by the young, the daring, the avant—the women who see, in the look of a beautifully made pair of pants with its own perfect tunic and topcoat and delicate boots, the essence of contemporary allure and comfort. Prophetic? Possibly. Jacques Tiffeau, who has been doing charming pants-turnouts for years, thinks that a pretty girl in a pretty turnout, racing around—on the fringes of town, anyway—looks healthy, modern, appropriately dressed; thinks more and more women will want to look this way and says: "Thank God I was a man's tailor for years." Other great influences in the pants-life think not: Norell continues (Continued on page 47)

PHOTOGRAPHS HERE AND ON THE FOLLOWING EIGHT PAGES, BY
PETER BEARD
HENRY CLARKE
BRUCE DAVIDSON
HORST
KAREN RADKAI
PIERLUIGI
DONALD SILVERSTEIN
WIDE WORLD





MME. JEAN-CLAUDE ABREU IN THE JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG, PARIS



DUCHESS RIARIO SFORZA, ROME

THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE AND THE FASHION FOR PANTS

to show the most impeccably tailored pants with jackets or capes "only for travel, only for the country, only up to size twelve." Jax—whose vividly American image of a coltish young figure in the trimmest back-zipped pants and big, wonderful tops pulled over bright turtlenecks, has been picked up like an international cause by smart women everywhere—still beam their message mainly to the resort world. (There are signs though—see page 50 for one dashing young woman's idea of just how far one can go in a nifty turnout.) Emilio Pucci, one of the first to make women look really enchanting in pants, is frankly dismayed at the pants-in-the-city idea—"this most casual of looks in this most severe of frames; elegance, after all, is conforming to one's surroundings." We say: consider the surroundings—a big-city park with children on bikes. . . . The hairdresser at eleven. . . . Local errands. . . . An office—a very informal, very busy office. . . . This familiar autumn-in-New-York scene: drenching rains, winds howling, blowing, muddying, chilling the very soul. Weigh the wisdom of pants here—with a sturdy little topcoat to the knees, tall, close boots, head wrapped small and dry. The point is, there has never been a time when it was more unfashionable to look uncomfortable; pants are indeed for the private life—the word is flexible, the life should be. On these pages, the beautiful women wear pants—for their own kinds of private lives, all over the world.

BARONESS DE ROTHSCHILD with Courrèges, at a fitting of the celebrated whipcord turnout which she plans to wear "to lunch on a beautiful boat or to some charming house near Paris; not at all a casual house—one where the dark parquet floors and lacquers will show off my white pants—themselves as strict as Chinese porcelain. . . . Trousers will not replace skirts; they will halve the use of skirts. Last winter so many women wore coats and boots that one became accustomed to not seeing legs—which will perhaps make the transition to trousers simpler than one thinks. . . . Trousers will certainly become more of a thing in my life."

MME. ABREU with her children, Natalie and Miguel. Her park-look: white cotton pants, T-shirt.

DUCHESS RIARIO SFORZA in Galitzine palazzo pyjamas of lime-green crêpe and gold embroidery.

MARCHESA DI MONTEZEMOLO and her husband arriving in the Hamptons by small shuttle-plane from New York. Her straight white twill pants were made for her by a man's tailor—copied from a pair of blue jeans. With them: white turtleneck, pullover, moccasins, big round sun goggles.



BARONESS PHILLIPE DE ROTHSCHILD WITH COURRÈGES IN PARIS

MARCHESE AND MARCHESA ALESSANDRO DI MONTEZEMOLO OFF TO SOUTHAMPTON

VICOMTESSE DE RIBES, near right, likes pants for the resort-ski-country life only. Here, at the Château St. Just, the De Ribes's country place on the way to Beauvais, she wears deep parma-violet corduroys, shirt of violet silk, and a grey angora sweater. LADY NORWICH, below, a tall, honey-blonde with a wide smile and aquamarine eyes, photographed in the studio of her charming eighteenth-century house in London's Little Venice. Her painting uniform: hip-riding blue denim pants and a comfortable short-sleeved shirt.

SRA. LOREDANA PAVONE, top right, opposite page, adores pants for travel, for walking her Afghan in the Roman countryside; has them made, mostly, in Capri, mostly of gabardine; wears a pair here, to the plane, with an above-the-knee coat by Capucci. AUDREY HEPBURN, farthest right, with her husband, Mel Ferrer, and the neat, rangy look the world knows her by: English riding Mac, zippered beige boots, and the leggy Jax pants she loves—these, dark beige jersey. MME. ALAIN APTEKMAN, small picture, opposite page, is a great admirer of Courrèges. In driving rain at the Gare de Lyon, she wears a favourite: his foul-weather turnout in white sailcloth—chopped coat, pants in a fine unbroken line over white boots; a ribbed taupe jersey tunic. LADY ROTHERWICK, far right below, with Robina, eleven; Charles, seven; and Petticoat, the Labrador; photographed at Bletchingdon Park, her Oxfordshire place. With her turtleneck sweater and over-checked hacking jacket she wears, here, country pants of honey-beige cavalry twill made for her by her husband's tailors in London—she is the only woman, by the way, that they will work for.

VICOMTESSE DE RIBES
NEAR BEAUVAIS

VISCOUNTESS NORWICH IN LONDON





AT FIUMICINO AIRPORT IN
ROME, SRA. LOREDANA PAVONE



MR. AND MRS. MEL FERRER
AT A HORSE FARM NEAR ROME



MME. ALAIN
APTEKMAN, PARIS

THE FASHION FOR PANTS



LADY ROTHERWICK
AND HER CHILDREN
IN OXFORDSHIRE

NEW YORK:
MRS. MONTAGUE H. HACKETT, JR.

MR. AND MRS. WYATT COOPER IN NEW YORK

THE FASHION FOR PANTS

MRS. FREDERICK MELHADO
IN NEW YORK

NEAR BRUSSELS, M. AND
MME. BERNARD CAMU

IN ROME:
PRINCESS IRENE GALITZINE



COUNTESS VON BISMARCK, directly left —tall, lean, looks marvellous in pants; wears them often. Working on one of her fantasy collages, here, in her standard painting clothes—blue denim hip pants, pink cotton shirt, flat strippy sandals; chiffon scarf holding masses of blond hair. MRS. WYATT COOPER, opposite page, far left—likes pants for the country, for very small dinner parties in town, for evenings at home with her husband—as seen here, slender, long-legged black pants and a billowy Tom Jones shirt in tucked white batiste worn with an old black-enamel-and-diamond Maltese cross pinned at the ascot. MRS. MONTAGUE H. HACKETT, JR., opposite, near left, a busy pretty brunette, loves pants for whizzing around the city on local errands. Here, working for her favourite charity, Les Boutiques de Noël, Mrs. Hackett with Pekinese, Fiat, and an adored Jax turnout—poplin chopped coat and pants, slick little "spat" boots. MRS. FREDERICK MELHADO, opposite page, centre, lives the park-bike-children-life in pants made to order by a man's tailor. In Central Park, with Peter and Christian: dove-beige whipcords, pale-blue turtleneck, hooded toast-brown velours pull, and gleaming brown alligator moccasins. MADAME BERNARD CAMU, farthest left, with her husband at his family's place outside Brussels, wearing the simple comfortable clothes she likes for country walking—beige poplin pants, caramel-coloured turtleneck pullover. PRINCESS IRENE GALITZINE, opposite page, below left, one of the first to celebrate really luxe, gloriously becoming palazzo pyjamas. In her apartment in Rome, she wears her own pet Galitzine—black velvet with jet embroidery, from two collections ago.

COUNTESS ELISABETH
VON BISMARCK IN BRUSSELS



WASHINGTON: MRS. NEIL CAROTHERS,
MRS. STEPHEN HALSEY, MRS. SOLDWEDEL EDWARDS

THE FASHION FOR PANTS

MRS. CAROTHERS AND MRS. HALSEY, above, in pants—daytime habit for the easy neighbourhood life around Georgetown. Mrs. Carothers—scarfed head, sun goggles—in green flannels, furry grey parka. Mrs. Halsey: white turtleneck, poplin safari jacket and, slipped under camel pants, poplin Congress-gaiters (all over Washington, proper boots have stepped-up the passion for pants). To the right of this: a familiar evening scene at the Carothers'—small group of friends for dinner, women in pants. Mrs. Carothers, left, in gold-and-silver, glittery talon-twist sandals. Mrs. Edwards, centre, in Pucci's pale-green jersey harem-pants. Mrs. Halsey's palazzo pyjamas, aquamarine silk. Standing: Mr. Halsey and Mr. Carothers; Atka, a silvery husky, on the Aubusson. MARCHESA PUCCI, top right: leggy crêpe pyjamas—by Emilio, of course. DUCHESS LANTE DELLA ROVERE, right, motor-scooting through Rome traffic—black pants, striped pull and scarf. COUNTESS GAËL D'ONCIEU, below right, leaving her Paris flat for a country weekend at her Roquebrune place. Her typical driver's gear: corduroys, cashmere pull, little suède boots—all shades of fawn with a pink silk shirt. MRS. THOMAS L. KEMPNER, far right, at Kenneth's in a Norell beige-plaid turnout with a navy-and-white dotted shirt. Oyster pigskin gloves; Oxfords. MRS. ANNE FORD, opposite, and her daughters, in the Galitzine pyjamas they love for Southampton evenings. Mrs. Ford, left, in spangled Chinese pink, matching slippers. Miss Anne Ford, centre—cowled jade-green silk, chunks-of-jade earrings. Miss Charlotte Ford — navy-and-white piqué.



MARCHESA PUCCI IN FLORENCE



DUKE AND DUCHESS LANTE
DELLA ROVERE IN ROME



AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S
IN NEW YORK,
MRS. THOMAS L. KEMPNER



PARIS: COUNTESS D'ONCIEU
LEAVING FOR THE COUNTRY

MRS. ANNE FORD, LEFT, WITH HER
DAUGHTERS, ANNE AND CHARLOTTE





WHAT'S NEXT

THE SKIMP COAT



Next great thing in fashion: the woman who wears it. She looks new. New face—rounded, open, enticing. New figure—leggier, narrower, pulled up. Sharp. On these pages, what makes the change, beginning with:

The smallest coat in the world

A perfect little body: that's all there is—no weight, no visible construction; everything stripped away to make a point of thick swingy hair above really close shoulders...marvellous legs and feet beneath narrow knee-baring hem. DOUBLE-FACED SKIMP, right, in putty-beige Melton cloth; welted, wonderful with white—at the neck, on the legs; wax-white laces in black ghillies. Originala coat of Anglo wool, loomed in America; about $245. Bersoie scarf. Both: Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat: Hutzler's; Julius Garfinckel; L. S. Ayres; Neiman-Marcus. Tights by Topaz. Jantzen ghillies of Geilich suède: Altman's. THE SOLID GOLD SKIMP, left, lamé jersey inside and out. Thin as gold leaf, supple as flame—the little-matchgirl-strikes-bullion is the delicious idea. By Originala, of Mylar and acetate. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. All: Lord & Taylor. Coat: Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. Castlecliff bracelets. Herbert Levine shoes: Bonwit Teller. From the Elizabeth Arden Salon, wigs by Mr. Marengo; maquillages by Pablo. (Details on page 24.)

BERT STERN



WHAT'S NEXT:

THE SKIMP COAT

Racetrack checks, stripes to the knee; late-day jersey, glitter at the wrist

RACETRACK CHECKS, left, brazening it out in no space at all — narrow little skimp of black and white, dashing everywhere. White satin folded in the very proper off-the-neck collar; legs and feet dressed to perfection — black-and-white socks, black suède buskins. Originala coat, of Litex wool. Bersoie scarf. Both: Bonwit Teller. Coat: Rich's; Montaldo's; Hudson's; I. Magnin. Lady Exeter socks, at Bloomingdale's. Jantzen buskins: Altman's. JERSEY SKIMP, right—a discreet black dinner envelope sealed with passementerie buttons. (Only thing slighter on the body might be the dress it encloses —a beige satin sheath would be charming, and a weight of glitter at the wrist makes everything seem fragile as Sèvres.) Originala coat, of Racine wool. Vendôme bracelet. Both: Altman's, New York. Coat: Nan Duskin; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Herbert Levine shoes: Bonwit Teller. From the Elizabeth Arden Salon: wigs on both pages, by Mr. Marengo; Pablo make-ups.



BERT STERN



WHAT'S NEXT:

STOCKINGS

WILD

Madly printed Italian silks, knitted diamonds—marvellous for above-the-knee skirts

GREAT MOMENT FOR LEGS: this moment—ripe for stockings at their wildest, to wear with new short-short skirts (one at right stands ready). On the three legs that touch the floor, opposite, Italian silk jersey stockings printed with flowers, horses and riders, roosters. On the fourth leg, above, a heavier stocking of blue Orlon and stretch nylon, patterned in huge diamonds. All, with the same shoe in deep red, in spice brown—an 18th-century shape in suède with a big buckle, in-curved heel. Printed stockings by Hoburt, to order at Henri Bendel; Neiman-Marcus. Diamond-knitted stocking by Bonnie Doon; at Altman's; Hudson's. Shoes, $27; by and at Andrew Geller. On the hand: White Bamboo nail enamel—palest of Revlon's new rush of Fingertip Tans. ABOVE-THE-KNEE TWEED, right—salt-and-pepper silk suit with long jacket, short-short pleats. By Cooper-Couture. Gloves by Shalimar. Both at Bonwit Teller. Suit: Hudson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Adolfo hat. Stockings by Schiaparelli, at Lord & Taylor. Shoes by Evins, of Fleming-Joffe leather; to order at I. Miller. Coiffure by Sebou of House of Revlon.

BERT STERN

WHAT'S NEXT:

THE BARED-KNEE

Short and snappy—bare knees, leggy socks, soft tailoring, cloisonné colours

A new proportion that snaps into a new state of mind (wearing it just *has* to mean a trig, tonic kind of walk): really short, snappy suits —knees bared above leggy cabled socks. The look is marvellous: soft tailoring, heavenly colours—repeated verbatim in the socks. PINK BARED-KNEE SUIT, PINK SOCKS, left—a bright, un-sentimental pink; rum-coloured gloves and shoes. Of Anglo wool Melton cloth (loomed in America). At Bergdorf Goodman; Gus Mayer; I. Magnin. Fuchs gloves, both pages, at Lord & Taylor. The make-up from the Elizabeth Arden Salon, by Pablo. BLUE BARED-KNEE SUIT, right—silvery cloisonné blue; blue socks, oatmeal gloves, stone-brown shoes. Of Warren of Stafford wool Melton cloth (loomed in America); about $185 at Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle Bros.; Frost Bros. Both suits, by Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch. On both pages: knee socks by Bonnie Doon; two-eyelet shoes of suèded calfskin, by Fiorellas; all, at Bloomingdale's.

SUIT

BERT STERN

WHAT'S NEXT: THE



ANYTHING-

Lacquered matelassé, quilted, brocaded, rain no hazard

The coats on these four pages are wanted: for their fascinating matelassé textures—like brocade, like quilting; for the soft, lacquery gleam they throw on the skin. Wanted, late day and evening, because they're proper tailor's coats—very right on the shoulders, through the body. And if the sky falls: that couldn't matter less—with these coats, anything goes. CROPPED WHITE BROCADE, left, with a full yoked back to sail out gloriously over long white crêpe, a short black sheath, sliver of beige (nothing takes the wind out of this sail—it's waterproof brocade). By Seymour Fox, in Hurel fabric of Arnel, cotton, Crylor. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. All: Lord & Taylor. Coat: Wm. H. Block; Woolf Brothers. Earrings by KJL. Delman shoes. The coiffure by Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri. NARROW PINK QUILTING, right—a small enchanting figure of a coat, spare, short, shining. Lots of glitter is what goes in the evening. At lunch: buckled black suède shoes, a big white turtleneck in the rounded collar. By Originala, of Arnel, cotton, Crylor (Hurel fabric). Early next month at Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Castlecliff earrings. Stockings: Bur-Mil Cameo. Shoes, to order: I. Miller. Kislav gloves. Coiffure by Michel Kazan.

BERT STERN

GOES COAT

WHAT'S
NEXT:
ANY

THING-

GOES COAT

Quilted checkerboards and herringbones—shining even in the rain

CHECKERBOARD QUILTING, left, on mulled-wine lacquered matelassé, spiced with eight cut-jet buttons and a free-swinging pleat beneath a low back belt. By Seymour Fox, of Arnel, cotton, Crylor (Hurel fabric). Herbert Levine shoes of Dreher kidskin. All at Bonwit Teller. Coat: Woodward & Lothrop; Dayton's; I. Magnin. Vendôme bracelet. Coiffures by Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri.

QUILTED HERRINGBONES, right, twisted on bitter-brown lacquered matelassé. Close to the body, tabbed, and side-buttoned in wood. Any weather, anything goes: a funnel of oyster satin in the evening; at lunch, eighteenth-century buckled bronze suède shoes and textured stockings. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner. Of Arnel, wool, nylon (Hurel fabric). Bersoie scarf. Ring by Jack Gilbert. All at Saks Fifth Avenue. Coat, also at Gidding-Jenny; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus.

BERT STERN



WHAT'S
NEXT:
THE PANTS



Shantung and twill, coat to the knees. White silk with camel and raspberry wool, coat to the ankles.

Correct, finished, as planned as a superb tailleur—this is the look of pants at their best; the luxe, really pretty turnout that fashion has been waiting for. As of now—no waiting. DAILY TURNOUT, left. Tones of beige and a taut, stretched-out line. Shantung pull with a beautifully cut stock, high and smooth on the neck. Stone-beige twill coat to the knees, pants straight as sleeves over fawn-beige boots. By Jacques Tiffeau for Tiffeau & Busch, of Anglo wool loomed in America, and Onondaga silk. Bergdorf Goodman; Gidding-Jenny; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Fuchs gloves: Bergdorf Goodman. Evins boots of Fleming-Joffe lizard, to order: I. Miller. AT-HOME LUXE, right. Long, double-faced wool coat in raspberry and camel turned out over a turtleneck pull of heavy white silk gabardine and slim straight camel pants—side pockets reached through slashes in the coat. By Bill Blass for Maurice Rentner, of Orceyre wool. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin; Julius Garfinckel; Blum's, Chicago. White lace leotard by Beautiful Bryans: Bonwit Teller. Evins slippers, to order at I. Miller. The make-up on both pages, from the Elizabeth Arden Salon, by Pablo.

TURNOUT

BERT STERN



WHAT'S
NEXT:
DOLMAN SLEEVES

Deep-set, cut from high waists, everything on the bias—the dolman idea in black

They hold the arms protectively, these sleeves—like little round capes; the waists they extend from are high and small; the fabric, all biased. Very supple, almost fragile proportions occur this way—that's the dolman idea.

DOLMAN SLEEVES, ALL-OVER BIAS, left. Black wool crêpe dress, moulded to the body by a high, bias yoke of twilled white silk across the sleeves and waist. Wonderful back, easy and free.

SHORT-SLEEVED COAT, DOLMAN IDEA, right. Double-faced black wool, banded and buttoned at the neck and raised waist; a fine bias swing to the back. Coat and dress by John Moore, of Moreau wool. Richelieu necklace. Hattie Carnegie earrings. All at Henri Bendel. Dress and coat, also at Woolf Brothers; Sakowitz. Gloves, both pages, Kislav: Best & Co. Adolfo's polished beaver beret. Coiffures on both pages are by Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri.



BERT STERN

WHAT'S NEXT:

WAVE OF WHITE

Sleeked, suppled, gleaming—crested by the return of ermine

The white fur coat with everything—from six o'clock on, that is how the world is dazzled. And here the dazzler of them all—ermine, with its blue-diamond whiteness, its supple hide rolls of skins worked with the most marvellous delicacy. Famously light, maddeningly rare, never more desirable than when it strays—as it does now—after a long absence. THE SEMI-FITTED CHOPPED COAT, left, with a notched collar, horizontally worked skins—just enough of them to look smart as a whip over a day length dress or a sheath to the floor. Whip to wild one evening—give it a tailed lash in black or white satin. WHITE ERMINE FULL COAT, right, straight, ample, easy—the luxury coat at its most luxurious. Collar up or down, belted or not, this is—very simply—one of the supreme ways to enter a room this season. Both coats by Maximilian of Russian white ermine. White kidskin gloves by Kislay at Best & Co. Both coiffures are by Sebou of the House of Revlon.

FUR

PENN



PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The swift burn of politics. . . . The fervour of the Young Republicans arriving already in San Francisco for the Republican Convention. . . . The statistics boys of both parties who were once described as people "who draw a straight line from an unwarranted assumption to an unsupported conclusion."... The beguiling Catherine Spaak, all eyes, legs, and lean brown midriff, in *Crazy Desire*, an Italian movie about a middle-ager trapped by teen-agers, that newly found European take-over generation who do all the things teen-agers have always done, but now in bikinis.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The force of Sir Laurence Olivier who plays *Othello* in London with the desperation of Russian roulette. . . . Marlene Dietrich in Moscow where she sang "Falling in Love Again" to audiences that fell again. . . . The pleasure of the book, *The Earth Rests Lightly*, in which the Countess of Quintanilla has put some of the suspense of a thriller into the story of her rediscovery—and restoration—of her husband's mediaeval Spanish house and demesne.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . In England, the fun-house tour of Shakespeare's life put on at Stratford-on-Avon in a new pavilion that looks like a cluster of jousting tents, with the brilliant impresario, Richard Buckle, putting on this extraordinary exhibition which includes not only true Elizabethan portraits but Pop Art artifacts as well as an eerie semi-abstract view of London during the plague, a real lavender garden, and, on tape, the voices of such Shakespearean masters as Sir John Gielgud, Paul Scofield, and Sir Michael Redgrave; many of the painters and sculptors whom Buckle commissioned for special works found Shakespeare "a very square gentleman," which led them to jounce both him and history up.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The Swiss architectural delights of the Lausanne Exposition where a flight of bright, plastic buildings has settled down on the edge of the lake. . . . Lausanne's separate but magnificent "Masterpieces from Swiss Collections," an exhibition that underlines the daring of the Swiss collectors who early bought Monet, Cézanne, Vuillard, Bonnard, Soutine, and, of course, Picasso. . . . In London, Moulton bicycles, low, collapsible, city-sized. . . . In Washington, the marvels of the show, "Seven Thousand Years of Iranian Art," at the National Gallery. . . . The quickie film (in the Johnson's Wax Pavilion at the World's Fair) in which any number of joyful, splintered images race over three screens, settling down into one wide view of a swooning ride down a hill in a kid's wagon, an experience like total immersion. . . . *A Letter to Myself*, the new book by Françoise Mallet-Joris, a fine French novelist who has noted down a salad of ideas, scathing, revealing, mocking; she throws out criticisms as though they were clay pigeons and she had an unerring eye. . . . The lilty, wistful tune, "Walk On By," sung by Dionne Warwick whose light voice sticks on the mind like honey on a finger.

MICK JAGGER, A BRITISH "ROLLING STONE" ROCKER

To the inner group in London, the new spectacular is a solemn young man, Mick Jagger, one of the five Rolling Stones, those singers who set out to cross America by bandwagon in June. For the British, the Stones have a perverse, unsettling sex appeal with Jagger out in front of his teammates who in turn are out in front of The Pacemakers, The Searchers, The Breakaways, and Freddie and the Dreamers. To women, Jagger looks fascinating, to men, a scare. (Most of the groups look pretty much alike, dressed in their own costume way, their hair banged to the eyebrows.) With, especially, "Not Fade Away," The Rolling Stones pushed ahead of the Beatles, perhaps because their message and their music is a shade more gutsy. They are quite different from the Beatles, and more terrifying. "The effect is sex," wrote one observer, "that isn't sex, which is the end of the road."

DAVID BAILEY

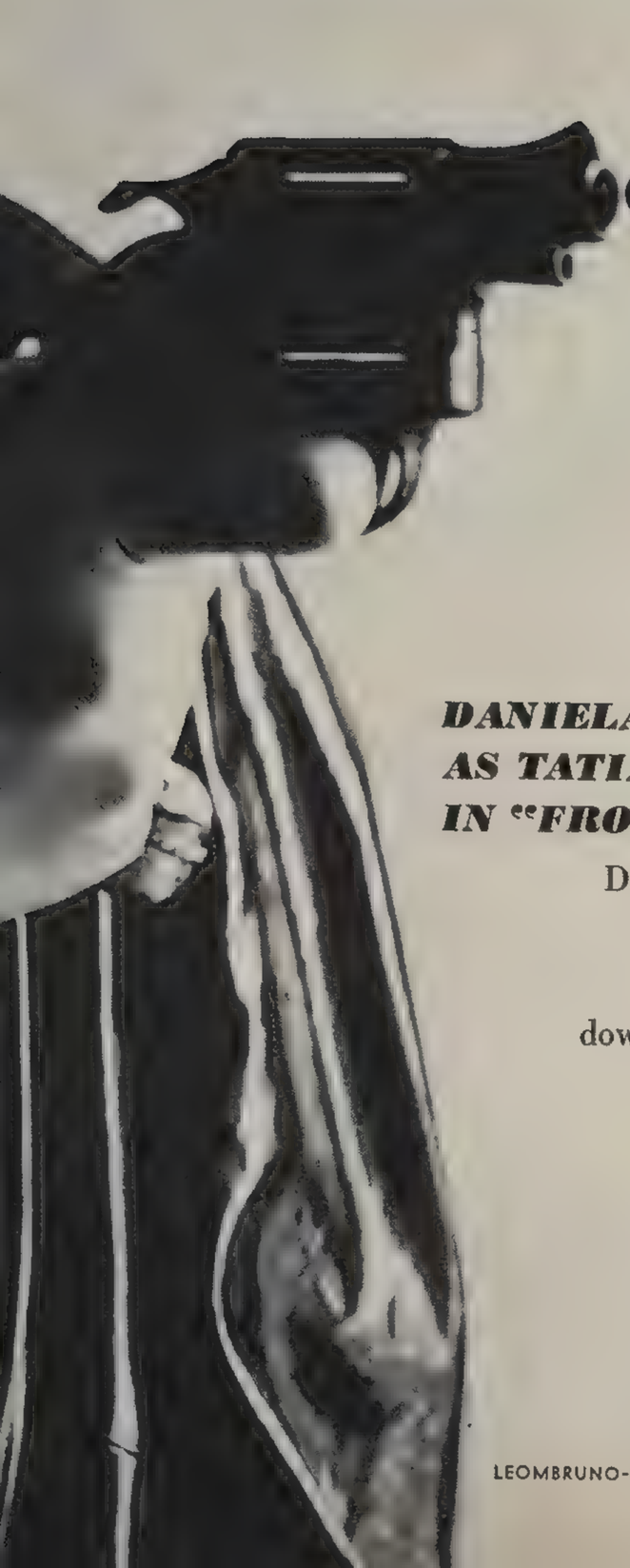




DAVID BAILEY

SHIRLEY EATON AS JILL MASTERTON IN "GOLDFINGER"

In dozens of small-time British movies, Shirley Eaton played the blonde, stacked. As a Bond Girl, she must die, painted gold. This girl, Jill Masterton, "...was very beautiful. She had the palest blonde hair. It fell heavily to her shoulders, unfashionably long. Her eyes were deep blue against a lightly sunburned skin and her mouth was bold and generous and would have a lovely smile. She stood up and took her hand away from her mouth. She was tall, perhaps five feet ten, and her arms and legs looked firm as if she might be a swimmer...."



LEOMBRUNO-BODI

JAMES BOND'S GIRLS

Sex and Agent 007 go together. As everyone who collects Ian Fleming's thrillers about that agent, James Bond, knows, James Bond collects girls. Or a Girl. From her heavy shoulder-length hair to the perfume (Balmain's *Vent Vert)* she wears, she is by any name the same—gorgeous and laughable. But not laughable at, because Ian Fleming laughed first, and, if success is amusing, he will laugh last. Here, a quartet of girls who play Bond Girl in the newest film, *From Russia, With Love,* and the one to follow, *Goldfinger,* plus Ian Fleming's descriptions of what 007 saw.

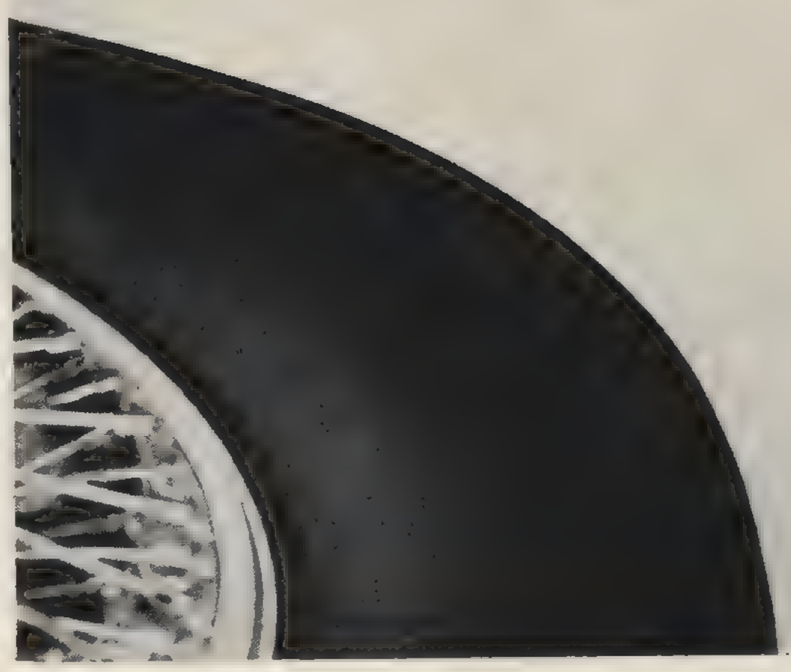
DANIELA BIANCHI AS TATIANA ROMANOVA IN "FROM RUSSIA, WITH LOVE" An Italian model with a small splash of acting experience, Daniela Bianchi has, unlike any Bond Girl, tawny eyes. To Bond, she was: "...Tatiana Romanova. A Romanov. Well, she certainly looked like a Russian princess, or the traditional idea of one. The tall, fine-boned body that moved so gracefully and stood so well. The thick sweep of hair down to the shoulders and the quiet authority of the profile. The wonderful Garbo-esque face with its curiously sly serenity. The contrast between the level innocence of the big, deep-blue eyes and the passionate promise of the wide mouth. And the way she had blushed and the way the long eyelashes had come down over the lowered eyes. Had that been the prudery of a virgin? Bond thought not...."





DAVID BAILEY

TANYA MALLET AS TILLY SOAMES MASTERTON IN "GOLDFINGER"



A model who has barely acted before, Tanya Mallet has the look of a Bond Girl—not especially Tilly, to whom Ian Fleming assigned black hair: ". . . There was the blur of a pretty face hidden by white motoring goggles with dark-blue lenses. Although Bond only saw the edge of a profile—a slash of black hair under a pink handkerchief with white spots, he knew she was pretty from the way she held her head. There was the authority of someone who is used to being admired, combined with the self-consciousness of a girl driving alone and passing a man in a smart car. . . . Although she was a very beautiful girl she was the kind who leaves her beauty alone. She had made no attempt to pat her hair into place. As a result, it looked as a girl's hair should look—untidy, with bits that strayed and a rather crooked parting. It provided the contrast of an uneven, jagged dark frame for the pale symmetry of the face, the main features of which were blue eyes under dark brows, a desirable mouth, and an air of determination and independence that came from the high cheekbones and the fine line of jaw. . . ."

Part sex symbol, part super spoof, the James Bond Girl will turn up in three films being made this year from Ian Fleming's novels: *Goldfinger, Thunderball,* and *Casino Royale.* In only one of these movies, *Goldfinger,* will James Bond be played by Sean Connery who introduced Agent 007 in *Doctor No* and carried him to a rarefied air of deadpan comedy in *From Russia, With Love.* Although the image of Bond changes from film to film, the Bond Girl remains the same, apparently, in all movie-makers' minds. She is rangy, sexy, languid, cool, "slightly sunburned," and looks at the world through honey-coloured hair, in spite of the fact that Ian Fleming sometimes specified raven-black. She always has a low and double-loaded gaze.

JAMES BOND'S GIRLS



NORMAN PARKINSON

A smash on British TV as the black-leather-suited heroine of a thriller series, Honor Blackman is basic Bond-Girl type, but not Pussy: "... Bond thought she would be in her early thirties. She had pale, Rupert Brooke good looks with high cheekbones and a beautiful jawline. She had the only violet eyes Bond had ever seen. They were the true deep violet of a pansy and they looked candidly out at the world from beneath straight black brows. Her hair, which was as black as Tilly Masterton's, was worn in an untidy urchin cut. The mouth was a decisive slash of deep vermilion. Bond thought she was superb and so, he noticed, did Tilly Masterton...."

HONOR BLACKMAN AS PUSSY GALORE IN "GOLDFINGER"

VOGUE, July, 1964

JAMES BALDWIN, AN ORIGINAL

A sharpened view of him

In repose, James Baldwin is an ugly man. He has been told so all his life. Long before he knew that being a Negro could be considered ugly in itself (that is, long before he was ten years old and two white policemen "amused themselves by leaving me flat on my back in one of Harlem's empty lots"), he had grown used to the cruel mirror held before him by his friends and by his father. At school, he learned that being darker than many of his classmates and smaller—and smarter—than any of them was no advantage: they called him "Frog Eyes" and beat him often. From his father, a fundamentalist Christian minister and implacably stern, he learned that his ugliness was the ugliness of sin, that the intelligence shining from his strange, prominent eyes was the knowledge of the devil. "You always," he now says sadly, "take your estimate of yourself from what the world says about you."

Those eyes still dominate his face. Everything in it—a high forehead sloping back from the nose, a chin receding slightly beneath a broad mouth—is in their trajectory, and they can nail the attention of anyone within their range.

Moving through a restaurant during a break in rehearsals of *Blues for Mister Charlie,* his Broadway play, it seemed that the vitality of his gaze had infected the whole of his thin, wiry body. Even sitting dead still and thoughtful, he gave the impression of movement, of an energy barely controlled. He is a Presence, and in that presence it is suddenly difficult to know whether he is ugly or something close to beautiful.

We sat at a large round table and talked around or through the arrivals of friends, actors, publicity agents, and waiters. It was two days before an opening that, at considerable expense, had been delayed twice and was about to be delayed again. Everyone had an urgent problem that only Jimmy could solve: Why weren't there any posters? When would a major script change go into rehearsal? Didn't the Whitetown party scene seem dull compared to the one in Blacktown? Who could replace an actor gone to the hospital? Baldwin listened intently to each petition, thought for a moment, answered, and smiled with an abrupt good humour that seemed to split his narrow face in two. In response to one mysterious, whispered summons ("she's very upset, baby, and she'll only talk to you"), he crossed the street to the ANTA Theatre and returned, in a humour less good, to explain that The Actors Studio had refused to finance another postponement. "I just phoned my lawyer and I'm going to put up the money out of my own pocket. There's a lot riding on this show. Those actors over there are depending on it, I'm putting part of the proceeds in trust for my nieces and nephews, and I put a lot of blood into it, baby, a lot of blood." The idea for the play—loosely based on the murder of Emmett Till and the acquittal of the murderer who later disclosed how he committed the crime—came to Baldwin in 1958, but it wasn't until last year ("I blackmailed myself into doing it by *telling* everybody I was doing it") that he began to write it. "I worked in buses and planes and between speeches. I knew if I didn't keep at it, I might get seduced into thinking of myself as a civil rights leader." He lit a cigarette. "It's easy to get involved so much you stop writing . . . you know, they can raise a lot of money just on my *name?*"



JAMES BALDWIN WITH TWO OF HIS NIECES — BRUCE DAVIDSON

Burgess Meredith, the director of *Mister Charlie,* hurried Baldwin back to the theatre for another emergency conference. He returned, alone and not smiling, to point an accusing finger at my notes. "You take this down, you *print* this." His voice rose to a stridence that must have shaken crowds of sinners in the Harlem church where he preached as a boy. "I'll *never* do another play with The Actors Studio. When this is over—I can't quit now—but when this is over, I'm going to write the *Mister Charlie Log,* and baby, that book is going to *blast that Actors Studio right out of the water!*" He looked

by Gloria Steinem

gloomily over his Scotch-on-the-rocks and steak Tartare. "What you learn as you get older," he said, softly, "is that there *are* no experts, that nobody knows a damn bit more about anything than you do."

Silence descended on everyone at the table. A publicity man began explaining to me, in a whisper, how difficult it had been to cut the play's original playing time (". . . just one of the three acts ran over two hours . . ."), but Baldwin banged the table with his fist until the china jumped, and his preacher-voice boomed, "I've compromised *enough!*" Had he succeeded in getting the opening delayed for a week after all? His frown dissolved in that face-splitting grin. "Sure," he said. "After a certain point, nobody, no-*body*, can make me back down."

Baldwin's opinion of the theatre is not high. He views it as a series of timid, commercial speculations, on- or off-Broadway, but he felt that this play had to be written. "The writer doesn't choose his material. *It* chooses *him.*" He pushed away his untouched steak, lit a cigarette, and settled down to an explanation of this, his first Broadway play. "First of all, I think it's clear that, though the action takes place in a small Southern town, it applies to the whole country. The boy has been spiritually killed in the North—that's why he became a junkie —but he's kicked his habit, he's paid his dues, and then he's actually killed, shot, after he goes home to recover. But in a way, he forces the white man, a poor white storekeeper, to kill him. Because that's the only weapon left to him: to say, 'Okay, you want to come after me, daddy, you come ahead, but you're going to have to *kill* me. Are you ready for that? Are you ready to *kill* me?'

"The central character of the play is really Mister Charlie—*all* white men are Mister Charlie to a Negro and all white girls are Miss Anne: I can't believe white people can have lived in this country and not *know* that—and this Mister Charlie murders Richard, and he's murdered another Negro before that. This poor white man, this murderer, is the real victim. He's the one we've locked in ignorance and suffering and *guilt* with this crazy system. I knew I had to get *inside* him, to draw him as a valid character—no man is really a villain in his own eyes—and that was what frightened me most about writing the play. In real life, after all, I'd be afraid of him, I might want to kill him. The other important white character is a newspaper editor who tries to help the Negroes, but who fails them, and himself, in the end. He's modelled, but in a much lower key, on Faulkner.

"But it's Mister Charlie, the murderer, who is really in spiritual darkness. And we, all of us, are responsible for letting him believe that black men are worthless, and that it is his sacred duty to protect the purity of his tribe. *We* are guilty of not protecting his victim—you can't tell me that a country capable of mounting a campaign in Viet Nam can't protect my life or the life of any other Negro—*we* are the ones who made him a murderer."

He paused. Everyone at the table had been absorbed, their eyes fixed on Baldwin's face. His secretary and closest friend, a young Swiss painter named Lucien, broke the silence to remind him that afternoon rehearsals had begun, but Baldwin was still thoughtful. "You know, I only realized recently that there has been a dead boy in all my books. Dead by murder or suicide or both." I think: Yes, it's true; Elizabeth's lover in *Go Tell It on the Mountain,* Giovanni in *Giovanni's Room,* Rufus in *Another Country,* and now Richard.

He rose and everyone at the table rose: the group may vary from literary to civil rights to theatrical, but, like a boxer, Baldwin always travels with an entourage.

"I guess it's obvious," he said, smiling apologetically, his eyes huge, "that I'm afraid the dead boy will be me."

The death, or the spiritual death, of the young and talented has been as much a fact of Baldwin's life as an obsession in his work. "Most of my friends," he says simply, "died before they were thirty." He remembers vividly a young girl in his father's church who went insane ("they found her screaming, screaming in the streets") and was committed to an institution. A boy, his closest friend, died at thirteen because "he was left alone, abandoned in Harlem." When Baldwin was twenty-two, a friend, Eugene Worth, who had been disastrously involved with a white girl, jumped from the George Washington Bridge; eventually Worth became the model for Rufus in *Another Country,* but, "it took a long time, it took me from 1946 to 1951 to be able to deal with it at all." The murder of Medgar Evers, a friend with whom Baldwin had done civil rights work in Mississippi, was another impetus to the writing of *Mister Charlie;* the play is dedicated to his memory and to his wife and children, as well as to "the dead children of Birmingham."

Somewhere in all his books and most of his conversations there comes a mourning sentence like this one from the play: "He was a beautiful cat, and they killed him. That's all. That's *all.*"

And somewhere, through all of his work, there walk, like repertory players, the clearly recognizable figures of his family, and of the people who have influenced him in the four stages of his life: Harlem, the Village, Paris, and, now, the struggle for civil rights.

Baldwin's family was an island of discipline and religion in a Harlem district now called Junkie's Hollow. Reverend David Baldwin ruled the house with coldness and force ("I do not remember, in all of those years," wrote Baldwin, "that one of his children was ever glad to see him come home"), and his gentle wife could do little to soften him, especially toward Jimmy who (Continued on page 129)



"EL CORDOBÉS," TRIUMPHANT BULLFIGHTER OF THE FERIA



GERALDINE CHAPLIN, AT THE GREAT BULLFIGHT

STARS OF THE FERIA

New stars flashed at the Feria, Seville's fiercely Spanish spring fair where three weeks after Holy Week, gypsy and noble, landowner and peasant, Arabian steed and country mule, mingle for five dancing, bullfighting, deliriously swirling days and nights. In the bullring, an audacious young matador, Manuel Benitez, called "El Cordobés," with rock-and-roll passes, fought his second black Nuñez bull with staggering skill. The crowd roared. "El Cordobés" exited through the Prince's Gate, triumphant with two ears and a tail. (In the two-hundred-year history of the Seville arena, it was the fifth time such honours were awarded.) His great bull was dedicated to another Feria star, Geraldine Chaplin, who, as "La Chica de Charlot," dazzled Sevillanos with her frail romantic looks at the bullfights and the balls. At the mounted procession round the Feria grounds, Beatrice, the eight-year-old daughter of the Orson Welleses shone as the baby-star, in flounced skirt, red rose in hair. At night, another star blazed, this time Manuela Vargas, a superb flamenco dancer in full possession of her fury. A tall dark gypsy with winged hands, she danced to *canto hondo*, the stretched cries of gypsy singers. Of such dancers at the Seville Feria, Alexandre Dumas wrote: "People talk of the glorious dreams of opium smokers, the frenzied exhilaration that hashish can give, but I, who have studied both, assure you that neither can for a moment compare with the delicious joy of fifty or sixty Spaniards applauding a dancer . . . in Seville."

BEATRICE WELLES, RIDING WITH THE BULLFIGHTER, VICTORIANO VALENCIA

JEAN-JACQUES
SUGAT







THE FERIA IN SEVILLE *continued*

Seville, "the proud theatre of the world," lights up for its fair, the Feria, especially for the *Paseo Real*, a high-stepping parade that winds round and round the Fair grounds in the biting midday sun. Some people rode horseback, nose to tail; some rode in open carriages; some in great carts drawn by eight mules, ribboned, pomponed, belled. From the *casetas*, those elaborate private pavilions under blooming acacia trees, came the Andalusian constants: the click of fans, the stomp of heels, the snap of castanets and guitars. At the Aero-Club, the *caseta* of *casetas*, many riders reined in for a chat, a sherry, a shrimp. (When sixty *casetas* went up in flames, Sevillanos scribbled: "We'll dance tonight on these ashes.") At the Feria, *above*, the Duke and Duchess of Lerma with their daughter, Miss Clara Larios, in *traje corto*, the classic habit of Southern Spain, short jacket, tooled leather chaps, black Cordoban skimmer. *Left, from top to bottom:* The Duchess of Alba with her son, Jacobo, in an open victoria; Mr. Matias Figares and Miss Soito Figares, mounted *a la grupa*, her ruffled skirt like a huge carnation pinned to the saddle; Miss Rosario Primo de Rivera, who rode side-saddle; Miss Manuela Vargas riding with the Spanish stance—arched back, one hand on thigh, one on the reins.

MISS GERALDINE CHAPLIN, WITH OTHER DÉBUTANTES, IN THE COURTYARD OF THE CASA DE PILATOS



JEAN-JACQUES
BUGAT



1



5



6

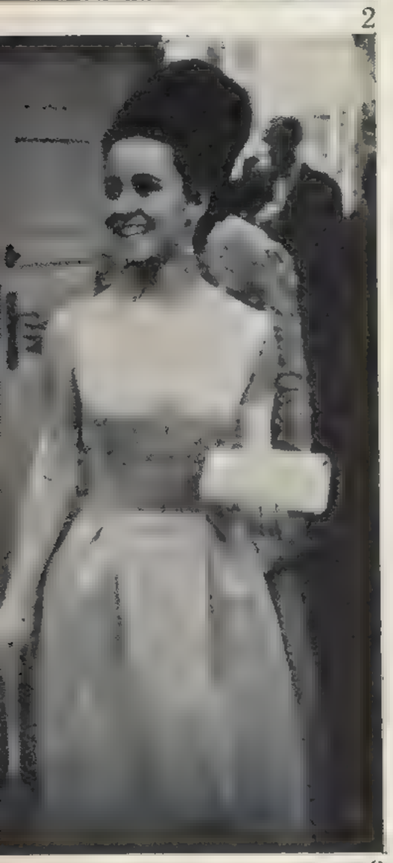


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AT THE FERIA IN SEVILLE—A BRILLIANT BALL *continued*



2



3

4

The greatest ball of this Feria was given by the Duke and Duchess of Medinaceli at their magnificent fifteenth-century palace, the Casa de Pilatos. (Much of *Lawrence of Arabia* was filmed there; the library holds letters from The Catholic Kings to Columbus.) In the *mudéjar* courtyard, young débutantes were presented at the ball; among them, Geraldine Chaplin, who wore silver ribbons in her dark hair and a stiff satin dress by Castillo. For supper, guests moved to the candlelit galleries, leaving their *espresso* early to move on to the huge stables, which had been dressed like a cabaret *tipico*. There, in an Andalusian cadre of 1920 Feria posters on whitewashed walls and unpainted tables and chairs, the peerless flamenco star, Manuela Vargas—and her partner, El Guito—danced until dawn. Photographed at the ball: 1. The Begum Aga Khan, the Duke of Medinaceli, the Duchess of Alba, Dr. Antonio Cortés, President of the Seville Red Cross, for which the party was a benefit. 2. Viscountess of Villamiranda. 3. Miss Casilda Villaverde, the daughter of the Spanish Ambassador to England. 4. Miss Clara Larios. 5. The Duchess of Medinaceli. 6. Dancing in the courtyard, Mr. Matias Figares and Miss Soito Figares. 7. Miss Véronique d'Eliassy.

8



JEAN-JACQUES BUGAT

FLAMENCO PARTY IN A PRIVATE MUSEUM

This memorable flamenco evening, at the house of the Marquis and Marchioness of Aracena, was held in their private Tauromachia Museum hung with Picasso and Buffet paintings and eighteenth-century portraits of famous *toreros*. There, many of the guests, possessed of all the deep concentration Spaniards accord great flamenco, sat at the dancers' feet. All night, the gypsies danced, fierce-eyed, to the crack of clapped hands, the stutter of castanets, the *olés*. At dawn, the great *torero* of the 'thirties, Gitanillo de Triana, performed his passionate *zapateo*. When the last guests crossed the Aracenas' terraced Moresque gardens for home, the streets of Seville clattered with another morning's excitements of the Feria. At this party: 8. Baroness Fiona Thyssen-Bornemisza and H. E. Hugo Gouthier, Ambassador to Italy from Brazil. 9. The Duchess of Lerma with Mr. José Maria Medina watching flamenco dancers. 10. Mrs. Orson Welles, the former Italian actress, Paola Mori. 11. Miss Sandra Gamazo with Mr. Rafael Medina, a son of the Duke of Medinaceli. 12. The Marchioness of Aracena. 13. Mr. Alfredo Pickman, Miss Carmen Larañaga, Mr. Pedro Domecq, and the Duke of Lerma. 14. Mr. Antonio Ybarra, Miss Clara Larios, Mr. Mauricio Bebiano Barbosa of Brazil. 15. The Duchess of Alba with Lola Flores, a flamenco dancer known as "La Faraona." (At another flamenco party, that of the Marquis and Marchioness of Saltillo.)

MRS. SHIRLEY CARTER BURDEN, JUNIOR, THE FORMER AMANDA JAY MORTIMER



With a silvery flourish of trumpets playing seventeenth-century music, with twelve pretty bridesmaids, two small flower girls, and two young pages—all in white and green—to attend her, Miss Amanda Jay Mortimer was married in June on Long Island to Mr. Shirley Carter Burden, junior. (Mr. Burden, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Burden of Los Angeles, had nineteen strapping ushers to attend *him.)* The bride—a serene young beauty with a clear childlike brow, an enchanting smile—is the daughter of Mrs. William S. Paley and Mr. Stanley G. Mortimer, junior, of New York. Her wedding dress, in which she is photographed here by Cecil Beaton, was made by Mainbocher of white Swiss organza in a Renaissance spirit—the long white net veil held by a garland of leaves and tiny white field flowers. After the ceremony, with its trumpet voluntaries, in St. Mary's Church, Roslyn, there was a garden party at Mr. and Mrs. Paley's Kiluna Farm, where the guests danced in a pistachio-green tent among masses of pink-and-white mountain laurel.

CECIL BEATON



THE DAY OF THE REPTILE

ON THESE TEN PAGES: THE DASHING NEW REPTILES—ALLIGATOR, COBRA, MAKASSAR SNAKE, LIZARD—PHOTOGRAPHED IN AFRICA BY GORDON PARKS

Now is the Day of the Reptile: of "the green lizard and the golden snake, Like unimprisoned flames..." And of the red cobra. The yellow sequin serpent. The Makassar snake, in wet-sand colour. The white African lizard. The alligator—in deep wine-red, in blue, in wet-sand colour with black....What it all *means* is this: the greatest thing you can put your foot into right now is a reptile shoe or boot—and some of the greatest ones are on these ten pages. All were photographed on safari in Africa. A small but dauntless group, the Vogue safari trekked through the rain forests of Rhodesia, in Central Africa, where they repulsed a raiding party of dog-faced baboons; boated on the Zambesi—here large, very-much-alive crocodiles scraped against the boat, which was no *African Queen*; roamed a huge 32,000-acre game farm in the uplands of Kenya; and stood their ground before a distinctly edgy-looking lion (see the following page). All the leathers, on all ten pages, are by Fleming-Joffe. *Left:* Alligator and linen boots, the alligator hand-painted in wet-sand colour and black; midsection of black raw linen, heavy as burlap. Black stacked heels. By Roger Vivier; to order, about $350. Red stretch nylon tights. Both at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York. Other Saks Fifth Avenue shops on page 125. Background: a primitive—yet strangely modern—wall painting, in a Makishi village in Rhodesia.

A [illegible] eighteenth-century shoe. Through the trembling lens of the camera: a photographer's clo[illegible] heart-pounding look it a [illegible]. And inch[illegible] away – alligator in a delicious wet-sand colour, an eighteenth-century mood: high vamps lifted right off the instep, rounded toes flat to the ground, stacked leather heels curved inside. (Duplicates of the [illegible] ankle pullers are at W & J Sloane – the original was an unscheduled feast for the king.) *Left*: Eighteenth-century walking shoe with a lifted vamp extended to a high, squared tongue. *Right*: The [illegible] very idea, buckled this time. Both shoes by model Andrew Geller; each pair $100. All headpins are by Phenix-Jolie.

THE DAY OF THE REPTILE

Wonderful white reptile walking with a pair of zebras, *left*. The shoe: white African lizard with a covered buckle, triangular walking heel of black stacked leather. The zebras: a black-and-white striped overblouse of hair calfskin, striped tights of stretch Helanca nylon. Shoes by Julianelli; about $40 at Lord & Taylor; Gidding-Jenny. Overblouse by Mr. Fred, for Fur & Sport; at Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin Tights at Capezio, about $13. *Opposite*, in the rain forest of Rhodesia, two sequin serpents—a citron-yellow sling sandal with a little squared heel, a copper-red walking shoe with straight black stacked leather heel. Peering through leaves, downstage, the face of a young Nsenga, with tribal carvings. Yellow shoe by Charles Jourdan; about $32 at Altman's; Halle Bros. Copper shoe by Palizzio; about $32 at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop. For the shops in other cities, see page 125.

GORDON PARKS



A blue alligator strip sandal, *below*, the strips tying up to the knee—a fascinating idea now for at-home or country parties. The sandal-striped legs—painted, sometimes beaded—those of Makishi villagers, fertility-dancing to a strong African beat. Sandal by Evins; about $90, to order, I. Miller, New York; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Blue diamond-patterned nylon stockings by Hanes seamless; at Lord & Taylor. *Opposite*, an 18th-century shoe shape in red cobra with a high tongue, rounded toe, built to stay flat on the ground, a curved-in exaggerated heel. With it, a Turkana couple; the woman wearing a boa of beads—one string for each child. Shoe by Ken Scott; at Lord & Taylor. All leathers by Fleming-Joffe. Shops in other cities, page 125.

THE DAY OF THE REPTILE

GORDON PARKS



Carried ceremonially on a pillow, with elephant escort, a beautiful walking shoe of Makassar lizard, *above*, in wet-sand colour, with these 18th-century marks: a stitched-on buckle of the same lizard in deep red, a curved-in heel of stacked black leather. This, photographed on the Carr Hartley game farm—32,000 acres, deep in the Mau Mau country of Northern Kenya. Shoes by Adlib; about $21 at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Sakowitz. Suède pillow by Marc d'Or; at W & J Sloane. *Upper right*, safari-high boots of wine-red alligator with two buckled straps—worn, here, in a mango tree. Boots by Golo; to order at Henri Bendel; Stix, Baer & Fuller. *Lower right*, a marvellous walking reptile—antiqued brown alligator with a curved cut, tiny tongue, stacked leather heel in shadings of brown. Shown with it: the rain forest, and forest-coloured nylon stockings—a green and yellow jungle design. Stanley Philipson shoes; about $125. To order at Andrew Geller; Julius Garfinckel. Hanes seamless stockings at Lord & Taylor. All leathers, these two pages, by Flemino-Joffe. Shops in other cities, page 125.

THE DAY OF THE REPTILE

BEAUTY BULLETIN

July agenda: hairdressers to try . . . colognes to explore . . . exercises to do en airplane

OOO

The above stands for big drops of fragrance, great cooling gurgles of it, as opposed to tense little dabs. Because this is cologne season; July. And although we never give up hope that American women will learn to use their perfumes without a twinge of conscience, it seems that with colognes they do splash and swoosh and spray like crazy. Possibly this is because colognes have some psychological and physiological attributes. (Their high alcoholic content makes them refreshing and cooling; their aromatics clear the senses.) Cologne will never tell the whole story of what a scent is, can do, could be. But most perfumers struggle to keep a high standard in making their cologne-toilet-waters true echoes of the perfumes from which they derive. We think cologne alone *is* inadequate, especially in day-long or evening-long situations. Our message for July, however, is: get the big bottle. Use it. Set hair with it, spray pillows with it, put a spare in the glove compartment of a car; keep some in the refrigerator; use it soon (like the real stuff, perfume, it tends to change character after it's been opened some months). And—give your jewelled frogs a shower of it. Here, three from a collection of glossy green enamelled frogs, bracelets and pins; from David Webb; diamond or ruby eyes. The cologne making the big splash is Dana's Canoe—of which there are in existence a few 101-ounce bottles. More about The Scented Life, cologne division, page 34.

Many of the more sophisticated hairdressers make a point of saying they loathe the designation "hair stylist." They say it's pretentious, artiste-y, redolent of apparel extraordinaire. And on the whole, we couldn't agree more. But for purposes of clarity here, we're going to have to use the term, because what we're about to talk about is the styling, not just the dressing of hair; the development of a special coiffure for a given individual, not just a good setting and combing job. Our point is this: if you have always wondered what one of the celebrated hair guns could do for you, July may be the best time of year to find out. With luck, the lion is in his lair; the entries in his appointment book have some breathing space; and the favoured clients, the women who discovered him in the first place, and whose faithful support is repaid by first claim on his time, are, blessedly, out of town for the month. . . . The following list does not by a long shot include every hairdresser we admire. It's a small beginning, to be supplemented when hair turns autumn. Named here: a few stylists who, visited incognito in the past few weeks, struck us as being clued in firmly to certain current specialties—and furthermore stand a good chance of being *not* on holiday this July. . . .

For hair that's grown to an even length all around and wants a swinging, self-keeping cut, there is at Elizabeth Arden's New York salon a young Lebanese, name of Marengo, whose able work for the Queen of Greece during her visit here was known to much of New York and almost the whole of Washington, D.C., but whose blunt cut for straight hair is a little-known marvel. Marengo is a scissors boy; he looks for simplicity and cuts the upkeep in. Apart from his cut, his tricks: uses quite small rollers, packs them tightly, takes the hair down when it's slightly damp—feels this technique puts the bounce at the scalp. He'll show a client how to sneak a bobby pin or comb under the hair at the crown to keep a little lift going when all else (meaning humidity) tends to make the hair dank. . . . At Carita, the salon within Henri Bendel, there's an interesting Jacques, an extremely American Italian who works cheerily and with utter and well-placed self-confidence, at the first chair you see when you enter the comfortable Japanese-flavoured salon. In terms of hairdressing, he is a Jacques of all trades, but master particularly of the short, swinging cut—knows all the ways to put bounce and verve into it. Observed: if the hair is limp, Jacques uses surprisingly skinny rollers—or rollers of about 1958 circumference. No matter how tightly the hair is set, he gets the big, loose swing in the combing. If a conditioner is used, he favours flat setting beer for the setting lotion; finds it combines glossily with the protein of most conditioners. And if a client wants freedom from hair slavery, he cuts her hair every three weeks and puts her on her own between times. Believes it's a dandy idea. . . . David of the Chatham does the swinging cut as well as anyone in town, and can vary it to suit. His salon is minuscule, however. He leads an active telephone life; and a following of young fans tend to park in every available chair in the place—all of which could be offputting to an unprepared newcomer. Prepared to wait her turn, and possibly to towel-wrestle David's mongrel dog meanwhile, a new client could very well emerge a David addict. It happens every day. . . . Another hairdresser liked especially for the chic of his short cut is Fred at The House of Revlon; his nape-cut is one of the very best in the city. Every hairdresser at that palace has a fairly clearly defined specialty, by the way, and this might be as good a place as any to sort out the cast of The House of Revlon. Sebou is the man you'd go to for layered cutting; for clever stuff that might involve a postiche. Michael Patrick is knowledgeable about, but not too moved by fashion; he does very individual work and is the hair- (Continued on the next page)

KUZMANOFF

BEAUTY BULLETIN

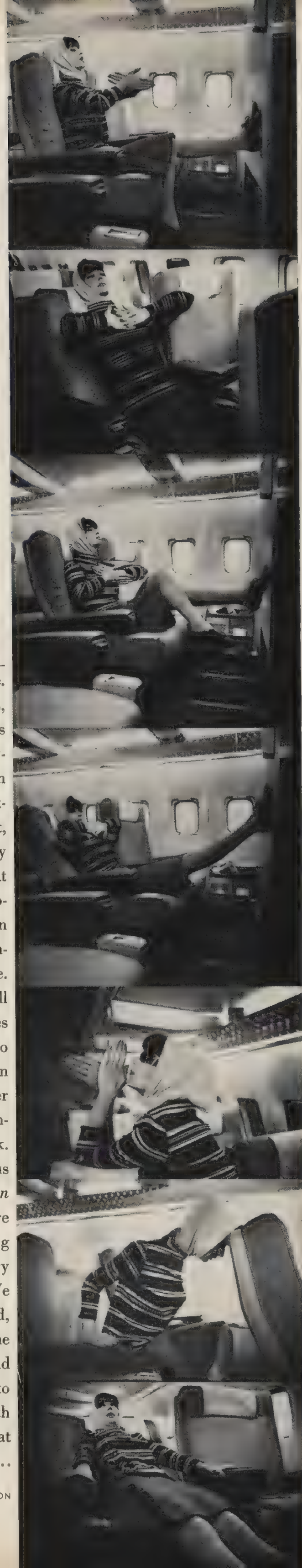
WHERE TO GO FOR HAIRDRESSING TO EXPLORE IN JULY WHEN THE STANDING APPOINTMENTS ARE AWAY...

(Continued from preceding page) dresser to whom the salon directrice would steer the uncertain. Pierre is the perfectionist, every-hair-in-place type; takes his time; holds strong opinions; cuts well. Adolfo and Eugene are the specialists for dressing long hair.... Speaking of long hair, you might think, to look at Vogue's pages, that Marc Sinclair (currently working at the salon of the first-rate hair-cutter, Pierre Henri) only does hair by the yard—somehow, of all the mannequins whose hair he has coiffed for recent fashion photographs in Vogue, most have had long hair or worn long hairpieces. Marc does do long hair charmingly (does a Nefertiti loaf with great lift and polish), but actually fifty percent of the very switched-on young chicerinos devoted to his work have chosen to wear his chin-length swinging cut. He has ideas; will, as one of his notably well-dressed fans has observed, really work out something for you if you tell him what dress you're going to wear.... Both Enny of Italy, and Robert of Enny of Italy (if you're with us through prepositionville) have ideas, too; they do combination cuts with quite a lot of line; are liked for the upkeep-ease they seem to consider imperative to give their clients.... King of considerateness, of course, is the great Kenneth; and while he doesn't attempt to force his staff of stylists to be a compound ghost for him, he does—in a better than general way—train them to his ways. Among those so-trained: Franco, William, Gregory (especially good at giving a coiffure a lift; at hairpieces), Miss Kaiser (esp. gd. at a simple, smooth look), Mark Trotta (esp. gd. at pretty, feminine stuff), Victor Friedman (esp. gd. at avant-garde chic), Daniel, Rodric. Other names on Kenneth's staff, unlisted because: we happen to know they're completely booked for July. In any case, this salon, probably the most beautiful in the world, should be on the July visiting list of any woman who hasn't tried it so far.... Bernard Bohlé is the second New York hairdresser to go town house. (Kenneth was first.) His salon is less grand in scale but still pretty grand, and sports the only manicure tables we've seen that look like fruitwood writing desks. He takes his clients very seriously; they in turn take as many trips a week to Bohlé as his appointment books can stand. His clientele is not exactly the Sarah Lawrence girl in town for the day; rather, it includes a few women of great taste who have sampled hairdressing the world over and love coming home to Bohlé for chic, short, grown-up coiffures; and others for whom the wig revival was at least equivalent in historic importance to the invention of the wheel.... We haven't reported the vicissitudes of Claude, Inc., as closely as we might have. All we can say is, this salon was before-bandwagons; was the forerunner of the Hairdresser Era, having been founded and financed by a group of chic women who liked Claude's work and organized a syndicate to back him. Their daughters or their daughters' contemporaries are still Claude fans, but *their* boy there is Hugh. Hugh may be on location for much of the month of July, doing an entire wedding or coiffing all the principals in a major début party. But if he's at the salon, he's well worth a go—especially for the young. He can fix a bow or hat or veil inventively, by the way.... Robert Verdi, one of the new breed of hairdressers, (Continued on page 128)

XXX

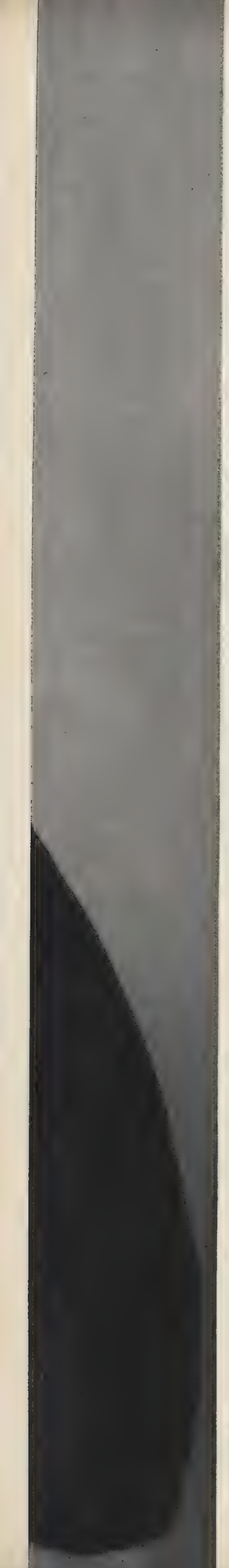
stands for exercise—everywhere. And I I I stands for Isometrics, the form of exercise which makes body improvement possible anywhere—including, especially, on a plane. A just about undetectable route to figure enhancement, strength increment, and body conditioning, isometrics are what the girl here is up to. Photographed aboard a Pan American Jet Clipper, she is tensing motionless muscles six seconds a muscle. If she does this on ground, as well as aflight, just about five minutes a day, she could lose one or two inches from her waist; could gain strength that will improve her carriage and general figure alignment up to five per cent a week. Specifics on this program, plus other Paragon Traveller clues, *on page 30.* Her sunglasses are Mustangs, named for the dashing new Ford, and made in every shade the Mustang comes in. (We swept up Silver Smoke.) Renauld, the maker, claims they are the first sunglasses with wraparound lenses that sweep from temple to temple. Long-sleeved T shirt with mock turtleneck, by Smartee, at Bonwit Teller; Joseph Magnin....

BRUCE DAVIDSON









BEAUTY REGISTER

BY A SPY AT THEIR DRESSING TABLES: DOSSIERS OF THE DECISIONS THAT HAVE LED TEN WOMEN TO GLORIOUS LOOKS FOR 1964

Consider the happy beauty of a Cornelia Clark Cushing (photographed opposite). Barely thirty. Mother of five, oldest eight. Disarmer of many. Original, private, unconfused, the beautiful Mrs. Howard Cushing, junior. . . . Take the more complex beauty of a Jill Isles (photographed page 107). Other end of the pole, other side of the coin. Miss Isles, just moving into her twenties, likes make-up. Mrs. Cushing, just reaching out of her twenties, avoids it. . . . Take all of the ten beauties documented here and you arrive at no generalities. Except this. All of them have made firm decisions, have established certain procedures. And this. Not one of them felt that she should be included in an article that includes the word "beauty" in its title or subtitle. Not one of them feels that she *is* a beauty. . . . What decisions have they made, what disciplines have they imposed? We go into this in detail in this Beauty Register—forgetting not for a moment that beauty is like capital: it often takes a little to make some more. But not always.

CUSHING, CORNELIA CLARK

Mrs. Howard G. Cushing, junior, since 1955. Locust Valley, L.I.; Newport (summers). Garrison Forest—Radcliffe. Mother of five. (After three girls, thought wistfully of a boy, had instead twins—two girls.) Sporting life—tennis, skiing, riding, golf. "When I'm not with the children, I try to get in an hour of tennis."

The impact of the tall, straight, American beauty. (Photographed only once before for publication; for Vogue, when she made her début in 1951.) She is five feet nine-and-a-half inches tall. Husband, six feet four inches. Fathers of both are six feet six inches. Colour scheme: controlled but uncoiffed sun-streaked blond hair; honey-toned skin; warm, inner-illuminated golden tan that comes from outdoor ways; eyes brilliantly green in such a setting; glistening teeth; tawny eyebrows, unplucked. All this rests on a lean, almost lanky, frame, straight-shouldered, with long, long slender arms and legs. . . . Uses little make-up simply because she needs little. Where most women have one strong feature, she has a whole collection of them, needs no delineation. Dab of powder on end of nose—"that hard-caked plain powder that costs $1." Only one lipstick, a silvered pink tea rose. Brown eye pencil on the corners of the brows when they get excessively sun-bleached. (The eyeliner in the photograph here was a concession to the photographer.) That's it. . . . She visits a salon to have her hair cut, shoulder length, once a year. Trims it herself the rest of the time. "I whack at it every five or six weeks." Teases her hair. Uses rollers to give it the lifted shape. That's it. . . . Mrs. Cushing is at ease with the world, at ease with her looks—and she does not plan to change her program with either.

MATTISON, PERLA DE LUCENA

Mrs. Graham Mattison since 1962. Born in Brazil. Husband American. Both travel constantly, settle for the longest stretches in Paris and New York.

Small-boned, vivid. Important long-lashed, deep brown eyes set in fascinating face. Everything about her crackles with allure. Every tendril of her gleaming cap of black hair bristles with voltage, seems to have a life of its own. Even her voice, low-pitched, enchantingly accented, has a charged quality. . . . The turning point in her beauty life came when she discovered the egg. "The egg is a natural vitamin. It gives a fantastic quality of gloss and glisten to the hair." She discovered it at Mr. Guillaume's in Paris, and now she washes her hair—or has it washed wherever she is—in nothing else. This is Guillaume's system. Put the white of the egg in one bowl. Beat into it about three drops of shampoo. (When she has it done in Paris, Guillaume adds rum and boiled Panama wood.) The yolk goes in another bowl. Wash the hair with the egg white and shampoo mixture. Pour on the egg yolk mix and let it stay for five or ten minutes. Then remove with lukewarm water. Give a final rinse of lemon juice and water—the juice of two lemons with a bit less water than lemon. "The lemon gives body to the hair and is good for the set." . . . Mrs. Mattison has her hair egg-

RARELY PHOTOGRAPHED, BUT SPECTACULARLY PHOTOGENIC IN ANY PICTURE TAKEN, MRS. HOWARD G. CUSHING, JUNIOR—ABOUT WHOM, READ HERE.

Sweater by Colebrook, at Bonwit Teller

HORST

BEAUTY REGISTER: THE FASCINATING PARTICULARS OF THE BEAUTY LIVES OF TEN BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

McFADDEN, MARY

New York—Brookville, Long Island. Green Vale—Foxcroft—Traphagen—Columbia—New School for Social Research—L'École Lubec in Paris—Dante Alighieri in Rome. Public Relations Director of Christian Dior-New York. Daughter of one of the beautiful Cutting sisters. Engaged to Philip Harari of Cannes, London, and Johannesburg, South Africa.

Sloe hazel eyes, notably white skin. Svelte. Strong Nefertiti profile. Hair often piled in Italian *romantica* arrangement, chignon curling to the nape of the neck. . . . Relentless cleansing is perhaps the key to the consistent just-laundered look of her skin. A vigorous face-washer, she scrubs her face three or four times a day with sulphur soap, then applies make-up fresh; takes sulphur pills once a day—"sulphur's supposed to be the best cleanser." Has a once-a-week facial with a skin doctor that includes a thorough cleaning of the pores with a steam lamp, a mud pack, a chilling with dry ice, a massage with an astringent lotion. . . . Stays out of the sun for the same reasons that many women seem to. "Sun only wrinkles and ages your skin. I'm pale all the year round." . . . She thinks, for her, the less make-up the better, but by make-up she means face-matters; her eyes receive more concentrated attention than most. Black liquid eyeliner, applied with a minute, but real, paintbrush, around the eyes, including a soupçon on the lower lid. Brown eye shadow in the usual places, between brow and lashes, but also in a faint line close to the nose, from the eye to the brow, a trick that accentuates the eyes, lengthens the face and nose. Lipstick: very pale, of pink persuasion. . . . For the rest of her face, she does as little of an embellishing nature as possible, trembles to see women reapplying make-up all day —"Evening lights really show it up, deepen lines." A faint blush powder is her basic make-up, the one she counts responsible for her skin's pearl gleam. In the evening she occasionally uses a bit of cream rouge on and above the cheekbone, for a romantic, faintly dramatic, delineation.

washed every five days. . . . Guillaume cuts her hair, works out new hair shapes with her. This past spring her hair was short, curly-cropped, with some height and fullness at the back crown. She was then contemplating a change to "very small hair, more clinging to the face, not as much volume at the back." . . . She is a fan of a New York skin specialist, uses all his preparations, plus this: after his cleansing cream, she smooths on almond oil; "You rub and rub and rub, and all the little dry pieces of skin come off." After that, a rinse with Poland water, applied with wads of cotton which are left on the face for five minutes. A Parisian skin man once told Mrs. Mattison that Poland water, Evian, Mountain Valley Mineral Water—any of the bottled waters that are, like rain water, flat and weak—nourish the skin. . . . For her make-up program, we turned to Mr. Guillaume. "Wears lots," he said, murmuring that she was the synthesis of elegance and chic, "but so discreetly you'd never know she had any on."

SMITH, FLORENCE PRITCHETT

Mrs. Earl E. T. Smith since 1948. Palm Beach—New York. Mother of Earl E. T. Smith, junior, accomplished swimmer and tennis player, age ten. Designer of inventive uniforms for maids ("If they look pretty, they work pretty"). Author of *The Mood and the Food,* a menu column in the New York *Journal American.* Author of *There Were Just Ten of Us for Dinner,* to be published in the early autumn by Macmillan.

"I believe in all-over skin," said Mrs. Smith, a ravishing, fine-boned, suntanned woman with glinty brown eyes and mahogany-coloured, ruddy-overtoned hair and marvellously polished arms and legs. . . . After her bath each day, she covers herself with a lightweight white emulsion—lanolin involved in its construction—recommended by a dermatologist. Then she puts on, all over, a tan make-up with a moist base. Then a white cream on her arms because "it makes them shine," which is the idea with sleeveless dresses. . . . Around her eyelids and her mouth, she applies a sun block; on her mouth a lipstick especially directed toward the sun—it neither cakes nor dries up. . . . No cream at night. She puts her night cream, a cream moisturizer, on for day, wears it at home around the house. "It just looks shiny then, not especially revolting." . . . She counts exercise as great for circulation of the skin. "Good skin has blood running through it." Swimming is her favourite exercise; plunges into her pool every morning before breakfast; sometimes takes a moonlit dip—"It makes you sleep so calmly; even when I'm in New York I float in a tub of cool water for twenty minutes or so when I'm nervous." . . . Has her neck, shoulders, and feet massaged twice a week; does exercises; every day scrubs her back after-bath with a Turkish towel. . . . When she comes to New York for a few days during the winter months, instantly turns off steam heat; "otherwise my legs would look like fine lizard skin." . . . "The fragrance of healthy skin is part of the allure of an attractive woman." . . . Mrs. Smith is quite frankly vain about her feet. "I like to let them show as much as possible. Feet, like faces, should be moist, soft, firm, smooth-heeled, pretty-toed." Paints her toe nails. "If you don't, the nail has to be a beautiful shape, which is rare. Or all one texture, which is rarer. Or else a nude, beige colour." Uses pumice on her heels three times a day. Takes off her shoes the moment she gets home, walks barefoot, using her toes like fingers. Practises picking up pencils, playing cards with them; "pencils are easy, cards are hard." For evening sometimes paints a rim of rouge around the heel rim above the sole. "Young girls' feet, you'll notice, are always pink." Much of a woman's beauty, Mrs. Smith pointed out, starts with her feet; if *they* don't feel right, neither does she. . . . Never has coloured her hair—too much trouble to keep in the sun. Has it washed and set twice a week in Palm Beach. If she has to set it quickly herself there, uses cologne instead of beer. Never uses lacquer in Palm Beach because of the humidity. . . . In New York, goes to Kenneth for a cut; recent bangs have been disposed of —Mr. Smith didn't like them; "the forehead shows intellect," he said. . . . *She* said, "Bernard Baruch once told me that he and Churchill have always rested a half hour after lunch. Me, too. I have to have my twenty-minute nap after lunch, every day of my life. I'm a little animal."

BAKER, FRANCES MUNN

New York—Paris. Called by a knowledgeable person one of the most soignée women in either city. Collector of enchanting surroundings in either city. Mother of two sons and a teen-aged daughter. Long and distinguished record at Nurse's Aide hospital duty for American Red Cross.

A long, lean, superbly-toned woman. Warm brown hair moulded into a conservative frame for fair-skinned face, brown eyes. Incandescent skin. . . . Her turning point came when she made these decisions: 1) That her skin needed the attention of a specialist; 2) that her fine hair needed daily, professional attention;

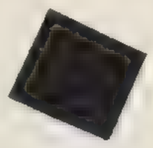
3) that, to keep her admirable figure, to keep looking *good*, she needed daily, professionally-directed exercise. . . . Mrs. Baker has been going to Dr. Erno Laszlo for over ten years. "I had *very* oily skin and he's controlled all that." . . . Washes her face three times a day—morning, before dinner, at bedtime. Morning procedure: Scrubs with Laszlo's famous sea-mud soap, anthracite-coloured soap for oily complexions. Then emulsion cream around and under the eyes, on the neck, before hopping into the bath. Before make-up, Laszlo's astringent lotion—"tightens things up." Powders over it, adds red lipstick and brown mascara. Repeats same routine before changing for dinner. Takes about ten to fifteen minutes. . . . About the sun: "Dr. Laszlo told me long ago—Frances, the sun is not for you. I learned to stay out of it then." . . . Never puts her face in salt water when she swims. . . . Every morning, Monday through Friday, goes to Miss Craig at Elizabeth Arden's New York salon for a half-hour exercise workout. . . . On Dieting: "Women who diet starve their skins, and it dries out because it's undernourished. I eat everything, but only a little of it." . . . On hair: Has her hair set twice a week; has hairdresser come to her house every night at 5:30 to comb and arrange it. When she is in New York, it is someone from Claude's. In Paris, she goes to Roger at Alexandre's. No postiche because Roger said that her delicate hair wouldn't hold one in place properly. . . . Incidental information: every time Mrs. Baker's hair is combed, it's teased; apparently no deleterious effect on hair condition.



VANDERBILT, JEANNE MURRAY

New York brownstone dweller. Tireless traveller. Mother of Heidi, promising actress, age fifteen, and of Alfred, promising writer-director-actor, age fourteen. Energetic worker for various good causes, among them the Henry Street Settlement. Right now, immersed in campaigning for her brother-in-law, Frank Conniff, a candidate for Congress from Westchester.

A ravishingly, famously attractive woman with extraordinary hair once termed "vert-gris in colour—an amazing tone we haven't seen since Lady Mendl," she glows with health, with interest—would, she said, rather talk about Vietnam than hair. Pressed, however, she talked. Said her hair colour—smoky, steely with illumination in depth—is, some of it, natural in colouring; is, lots of it, a rinse that she found after considerable testing. Uses a silvery rinse once a week, forty-five minutes a clip; "supposed to last five weeks, but that's nonsense." Very big on do-it-yourself hair care, she washes her own, at least three times a week, cream rinses, then dries either with an electric dryer cap (which permits her to do her mail, use the telephone) or, in emergency, her daughter's stand-up hood dryer, which works faster. . . . She has her hair set professionally only rarely. Her way of wearing it varies little: vague part on the left, the swoop down from there with some height, the ends whisked out, stopping just short of the shoulders. Like her sister, the Marquesa Alessandro di Montezemolo (who also has celebrated hair—in her case, pewter and platinum), Mrs. Vanderbilt tends her superbly thick, strong mop with a steel brush from Germany. "It's really a round robin. My hair's so thick, the steel brush was the only thing that would go through it; but the more I brush it, the thicker it gets." . . . Exercise: Mrs. Vanderbilt makes a point of keeping in superlative condition. She used to by rising at 7:00, having breakfast with the children, then driving to a rigorous Eighth Avenue gym five 8:30 A.M.'s a week. She still is up at 7:00, still has breakfast with the children, but she's cut her weekly workouts down to three, no harm seemingly done to her lean, supple figure. Tennis, golf, swimming, riding (side-saddle, "mainly to keep me on") give a sure assist. . . . Make-up: "I thoroughly approve of make-up, but something happens when I put too much on. All my colour goes. I can't wear too much make-up, it isn't me." She does wear a fuchsia-coloured lipstick (anything lighter than fuchsia looks "terrible" on her); some powder by day; sometimes at night a skin-coloured base from a theatrical drug store. . . . Anything else she uses, for hair or skin, "you can get in *any* drug store."



CHISHOLM, ROSEMARY WARBURTON

Mrs. Hugh Chisholm since 1958. New York—Biarritz. Mother of one son. Francophile; holder of Légion d'Honneur; decorated by the Spanish Government with the Lazo de Dama de Isabel la Católica.

Chiselled, smooth blond prettiness with built-in power. Hair: She changes its line often, although she always keeps it long—and swept up—because it is "frightfully fine, can be controlled better that way." For the same reason, it has to be "constantly" washed, and set at least once a week—in New York, mainly by Claude; in Paris, by Alexandre. She brushes it energetically, sometimes sets it with water and a few clips while she is in the tub. For a special evening, someone from Claude comes to her house to comb it, to attach her chignon hairpiece. "In December it was much straighter and higher, with the chignon on top. Modified now, it's flatter on top, lower at the front with much deeper waves at each side—sort of a modern Thirties look. We worked it out from studying French photographs." . . . For her skin, Mrs. Chisholm is devoted to the products and dicta of the famous skin specialist Dr. Erno Laszlo. She uses his soap, his creams, his astringent, his powder; has ten sessions with his electric face-shock treatments every year. On his advice, she stays out of the sun; used to avoid it entirely, now has arrived at the easier-to-live-with theory that it doesn't matter how suntanned one gets the rest of one, just *not* the face. . . . In Paris she falls easily into the custom of going, almost every day, to a salon for a fifteen-minute make-up job. She's often been made up in Paris in the morning, then darted over to London for a party that evening: "Just put on dark glasses over the eye make-up and all's well—it still looks marvellous at 4:00 the next morning." . . . Although she feels a blusher makes her look rather painted, she does wear more rouge now than she ever did—a cream rouge which she applies gingerly. . . . Her lipstick is a deep-pink pink. Two years ago it was much paler. But she stopped *that*, she said, when she saw some pictures of herself, now holds that pale lipstick is only for the very young, the very full mouth.



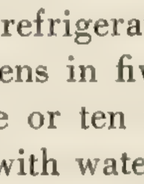
BANCROFT, MELISSA WESTON

Mrs. Thomas M. Bancroft, junior, since 1960. New York—Southampton. Briefly an actress. Then a fashion model until a year and a half ago. Member of Ladies' Auxiliary of New York Hospital; volunteer work in Pediatric Department three days a week. Swimmer, rider, sailor, cook.

Always pretty in a bright, blond way, she has turned in the last year or so, into a rosier, truer beauty. It all started two years ago with her hair. Like most fair-skinned, blue-eyed women, she had, as a child, hair that was platinum blond, that gradually darkened in her teens. Edging toward twenty, she began to colour it in varying shades of blond, mostly of a rather daffodil bent. Two years ago, she made the decision with her hairdresser, Kenneth (a decision seconded by her husband) to revert to her natural colour, a lovely pale taupe with pale blond highlights—Kenneth calls it ash blond. . . . Change of hair meant a major change of make-up. Took a year to work out, during which time her hair was gradually growing longer, being the while, discreetly streaked. Went through fifteen different make-up bases, finally going back to the tone she'd always worn, a light tan cake make-up. . . . She continues to put a creamy white base under her eyes the very first thing in the morning to blot out any trace of circles. Over this goes the cake make-up applied with a sponge. Over this, a misty pink cake blusher, applied with a fat rouge brush to the cheekbone area. Almost never any powder; but if she gets really shiny, a

BEAUTY REGISTER: MORE ABOUT TEN WHO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING

dab of rose rachel—with that same fat brush. Now she uses a pale brown pencil as an eyeliner (not black, or dark brown or green or turquoise as before when a model; no false eyelashes as before). Only a little brown eye shadow on upper part of eyelid, a dark brown pencil very sparingly on the brows (previously, her eye maquillage was much stronger, heavier). Still uses same mascara—"It's expensive, around $5 a cake, but it doesn't smear. Only one I've found that doesn't." Lipstick: a soft, not-*too*-pale pink. In the evening, *sometimes* a faint green eye-shadow, *maybe* a subtle powder, *never* a bright eyeliner—she tried green one evening, had to start all over. . . . In the summer, when she suntans deeply, nothing—except brown mascara and, sometimes at night, a touch of blusher. . . . A special rich white lotion is the base of all care of her fine-grained, sheer skin. She washes her face in the lotion (splashing cold water on afterwards); sometimes even takes a bath in it (by slathering her skin in it before stepping into a hot tub; "soak for awhile, your skin feels marvellous, the lotion reaches into the pores). Before retiring, she whisks the same cream over her face. . . . Her only other remedial skin care she steals from her refrigerator: the yolk of an egg. It hardens in five minutes. She leaves it on five or ten minutes longer, then rinses off with water. . . . Her way of wearing her hair was a short naturally curly fluff, framing her face, rather scooped up in back in a becoming duck's tail. She had a soft permanent wave of just six curls, starting at the middle of the crown and proceeding backwards, where hair tends to fall. Now she wears it long and straight. Has it done twice a week at Kenneth's. In between, sets it in iced beer in the morning. It's at its best in damp weather, when it acquires extra body, which is *one* reason she looks so glorious in the summer at the beach—or in the winter snow.



PEABODY, JUDITH DUNNINGTON

Mrs. Samuel P. Peabody since 1951. New York. Mother of Elizabeth, age eight. A producer at Writers' Stage, Off-Broadway theatre; most recent production, two one-act comedies by Eugene Ionesco. Mr. Peabody is on the faculty of the Rye Country Day School. His brother, Endicott Peabody, is the Governor of Massachusetts.

Composed, willowy blonde. Luminous blue eyes. Her present beauty routine worked out to accommodate three things: 1) contact lenses that she loves; 2) hair that needed lightening; 3) a general desire to enhance her prettiness without becoming "outrageous," "artificial." "It's fun to have exciting, drop-dead clothes, but not to the point where everyone sees just the dress and not the woman. I don't like looking as if I have blue kid eyelids; or that, if I blinked, I would stir up a breeze." . . . Nearsightedness led to the contact lenses. "So the reason for no eyeliner, no false lashes, is because the lenses mean more to me. Love to try the eyeliner and the new lash extenders, but afraid they'll get into my eyes and make the lens useless." She does wear eye shadow—turquoise ("I've been told I should try brown, but I haven't yet."), puts white shadow under the brows—"it lifts everything." Then plain mascara. Uses, for night cream and moisturizer, a cream that incorporates turtle oil, shark oil, royal jelly, silicone, and leichol. Uses just the smallest amount of a sheer film of cream under eyes. . . . Puts a cream rouge high on her cheekbones. Has been told she should put the rouge over a much wider area of her cheek, but can't seem to work up to it. . . . Thought that she was démodé when she used dark lipstick. . . . Has settled down to a rather definitely light pink. . . . Removes make-up with a cream, then splashes face with cold water, and makes up over again. . . . Once had hair bleached every three weeks—"Looked good for two weeks, bad for the third." Found a colourist who darkened the back, left the front blond. Now it looks good for as long as five weeks. Hasn't had it set in months. . . . What she *does* have is Wayne, from Kenneth's. He stops by just about every night she is going out. She will have washed her hair in the shower, given each side "a little squeeze" to get the wave, let it dry while she put on her make-up. When Wayne comes along, he cooks up "exotic things at the back of my head," either using her own hair or the postiche that she got from Kenneth this past autumn. . . . Mainly, she feels the point is to experiment—with face, with hair. Having found something that works for you, stick with it. Individual look more inportant than *latest* look. . . . She's found something individual. Is sticking with it.



ISLES, JILL

New York—Southampton. Skier, guitar player. Just embarking on the working life. One of two beautiful sisters. Not yet twenty. Graduated last year from Cygnet's House School in London; made début this past December.

Curiosity is the hinge on which this young fascinator's beauty life turns. Letting well enough alone: not for her. By mighty experimentation and almost clinical study of herself, she has found exactly which cosmetics and which procedures can do the most, *at the moment*, for a fair-skinned girl with dramatic, cat-shaped emerald eyes, an oval face, and rich chestnut hair. The craftsmanlike assist she's giving her natural beauty right now goes this way. For parties (and for the photograph, *opposite*) she first washes her face with a super-fatted soap. Then sponges on different colours of cake make-up, a quite white one, then a slightly tawnier one blended in for colour. Then a blusher, brushed only on her cheeks. After this, she attends to her eyes, starts with eyedrops to clarify the white. Three shades of eye shadow mixed together: brown, green, grey, the latter nearest the eye. Brown liquid eyeliner, a bit on the lower lid, with brush, as well as the top. Inside the lower lid she draws a line with green eyebrow pencil to make a point of the colour of her eyes. Does nothing to the eyebrows beyond brushing them. Finishes off with a very light lipstick. . . . For day the system is drastically modified—"I'm more conservative." Just enough liquid foundation "to make everything even," a touch darker in tone than the night make-up. No lipstick. Only the brown eyeliner on her eyes. . . . Except for a more-or-less monthly excursion to the hair-dresser, she does her own. Washes it twice a week in the shower. After the soap is rinsed away, she pours a potful of freshly brewed, lukewarm Camomile tea over her head, then rinses that out. "It makes the hair shine". . . . She wears her long, swinging hair "all ways," frequently, as in the photograph here, flung back, ends turned under. And she's letting it grow even longer so she "can do more with it". Miss Isles is not about to stop experimenting.

MISS JILL ISLES, NEW ON THE SCENE. RECENT DÉBUTANTE; MAKE-UP SAVANT.

Sweater by Bernhard Altmann, at Best & Co.

HORST





THE KNITTED WAY— ALL THE WAY

This-year ideas about the knitted idea: skirts short, legs long—dressed in knitting. Here, side-fastened tops, turtlenecks, dog's-tooth checks, all with skirts to the top of the knee, legs in bright stockings. DOUBLE-TURTLE IDEA, left—palest gold wool knitted with flecks of bright pink and pulled over a camel-coloured turtleneck. It falls loosely to the hips over a narrow top-of-the-knee skirt and black-and-white striped stockings. By Lawrence Knitwear. About $40. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Frederick & Nelson. Nylon stretch stockings by Lady Exeter: Macy's. All of the coiffures, on these four pages: Marc Sinclair of Pierre Henri. SIDE-BUTTONED SUIT, right, in pillar-box red knitted ottoman, worn with a black turtleneck and a wild splash of red-and-white stockings. By Leslie Fay, a Celara knit of Celanese acetate. About $35. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Marshall Field; Bullock's, Downtown. Stockings by Adler, of Orlon, nylon, Dacron. At Lord & Taylor. We added both turtleneck sweaters.

ART KANE



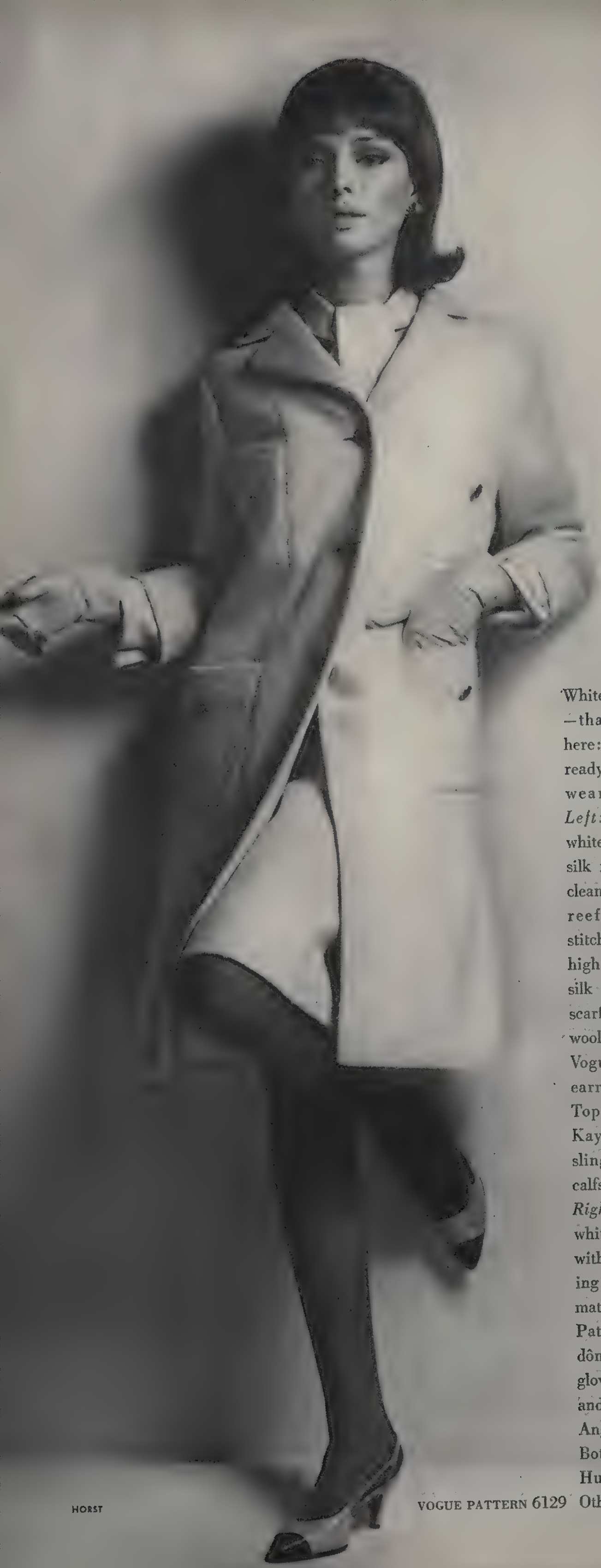


MORE ON THE
GREAT KNITTED WAY



SIDE-BUTTONED PULLOVER, left, in carnation-red knitted wool, with bone-coloured bands at the edges, a dark-red turtleneck underneath. Matching pleats, short and swingy, showing lots of leg in kicky striped tights. By Gino Paoli. About $80. At Bonwit Teller; Woodward & Lothrop; Marie Leavell, Dallas. The tights of Dacron and nylon, by Chanti-Cleer. (We added the turtleneck sweater.) **DOG'S-TOOTH CHECKS, OPEN NECK,** right: knitted black-and-white wool with the lanky dash of a pull-over—easy at the waist, narrow hem. To wear really short, over textured stockings; with or without its own long-sleeved black turtleneck. By Cisa; about $155. Fuchs gloves. All: Henri Bendel. Costume: also Stanley Korshak; Harold's; Neusteters.

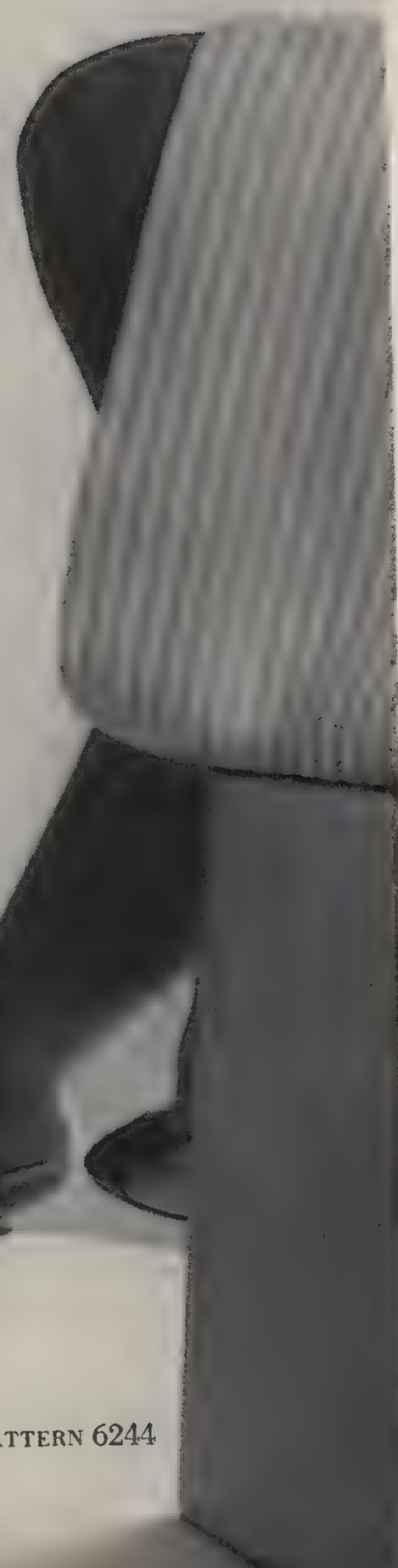
ART KANE



White on white, texture on texture—that's how the charm builds here: a coat turnout and a suit, ready to make now, marvellous to wear on the first cool day. *Left:* Turnout in tweedy whey-white wool, a glimmer of white silk near the face. Narrow coat, cleanly tailored as a schoolgirl's reefer, with double pockets; stitched white crêpe facing on the high notched lapels. More white silk inside—French-cuffed shirt, scarfed at the neck—and a straight wool skirt to the top of the knees. Vogue Pattern 6129. Castlecliff earrings; textured stockings by Topaz: all at Bloomingdale's. Kayser gloves. Herbert Levine sling-back shoes of Loewenstein calfskin. These, at Bonwit Teller. *Right:* Ribbed white wool, smooth white leather at the waist—a suit with a hip-long jacket, knee-baring skirt; to belt with a leash of matte white kidskin. Suit: Vogue Pattern 6244. Earrings by Vendôme, at Bloomingdale's. Fuchs gloves at Lord & Taylor. The suit, and the coat and skirt opposite, of Anglo wool, loomed in America. Both fabrics at Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Frederick & Nelson. Other views, sizes, on page 137.

HORST

VOGUE PATTERN 6129



VOGUE PATTERN 6244

VOGUE PATTERNS



THE WHITE-WITH-WHITE IDEA

EATING AT THE FAIR, N.Y.

BY GEORGE BRADSHAW

The determined American public has made up its determined collective mind. No matter what else it does at the Fair, it is going to have dinner. It may miss the panoramas, the dioramas, the Futuramas, the movies, the circuses, and the pretty flowers, but it *will* have dinner. As one brutally harried headwaiter said to me, "What *is* the matter? Everyone here is starving to death."

Maybe not starving, but good and hungry. You have walked from Ford to Texas and back to Billy Graham. It is seven o'clock and you want to sit down. One hundred thousand other people have the same idea. A situation is created.

Actually, the food at the Fair is wonderfully varied. There is a place for everything. And a new place. One of the real pleasures of the Fair is that there are over a hundred restaurants and you have never been in one of them. And they are, almost always, handsome. But be advised: take money. At most of the restaurants mentioned here, dinner for two will be, with drinks and tip, twenty dollars.

INDIA: One of the best restaurants is in the India Pavilion. A round, relaxed room; pretty girls in saris, waiters in turbans. And food: you must have Tandoori Chicken Mugalai. This is broiled over charcoal, but comes out, mysteriously, firehouse red. The curries are brilliant, just like Mother used to make—Mother India, that is. But everything is good; insist on a dessert called Jalebi. Expensive, but worth every penny.

SPAIN: The headwaiters at the Toledo Restaurant in the Spanish Pavilion are waging a pitched battle with the American public, and losing. By common consent, and much too successful publicity, the Toledo has become the chic place to dine. Tonight. Right now. This minute.

The Toledo is indeed a comfortable restaurant with blue velvet armchairs and walls of white curtains, but not particularly large. The service is leisurely in the best sense, which means that the turnover is not great. And while the fish, mushrooms, and other things are flown in daily from Spain, the menu is more French than Spanish.

You can't count on reservations, the mob is simply too great. The only thing I can suggest is that you stand docilely in line and wait. When finally you are seated, you will be at ease and well taken care of.

The hardy Spaniards, thinking to ambush these Americans, have upped the prices: a dinner for two can easily cost forty dollars. Alas, they misjudged the enemy. A few bucks aren't going to keep us (Continued on page 128)



DINNER AT A TABLE GARDEN, N. Y. The news is a garden view, even on a New York rooftop: a wild-ish, various, amusing plot of flowers—marguerites, white violets, elephant grass, echeveria, and ferns—in this instance, all potted, banked in moss, and grouped on a tôle tree. Totally different from the usual setting, aimed at an eye-rivetting centrepiece, this table-setting is all garden. The daisy pottery plates are yellow, white, and green; the cloth, blue-and-white flowered; the candles as low, comparatively, as garden lights. The sterling silver flatware, all line and shine, is Towle's "Lafayette," at Carole Stupell, as are plates, glasses, vermeil pepper mill. The garden, owl candlesticks, crystal dishes, from Judith Garden. French linen cloth; D. Porthault, Inc.

GRIGSBY



ART IS THE CORE

In the entrance, a dramatic smash of Pop and abstraction: *far left*, the seated white sculpture, "Henry's Piece," by George Segal against a Segal windowed wall; next to it, Robert Indiana's "The Demuth Five"; *at right angle*, a striped canvas, "Prophecy," by Morris Louis. *At the far right*, the Claes Oldenburg real stove, with enormous painted plaster food, all called classically, "Stove, 1962."



IN THE ROBERT SCULL NEW YORK APARTMENT,
ART IS THE LIGHTHEARTED OBSESSION—FROM
RENAISSANCE TO POP ART—AN ADVENTURE FOR THE EYES.
HERE BEGIN EIGHT PAGES SHOWING THAT ADVENTURE.

ART IS THE CORE

BY ALLENE TALMEY

To the Robert Sculls art is a happy moveable feast. Art nourishes their lives, hangs on their walls, stands on their shelves. Their leisure time is a continuing safari through galleries and artists' studios. Their eyes are knowing, educated, their senses alive, their emotions as responsive as bull whips. Art is the centre of their lives; they like to be with painters and sculptors, with museum curators, scholars, critics. They like the gossip of the gossipy art world, the quarrels, the prices paid, the switch of a painter from one gallery to another, the dancing, hot-dog parties. At times the Sculls' dining table seems like a news ganglion of the art field with the important nerves connecting there. Above all, the friends gathered there understand what James Stephens, the Irish poet, meant when he wrote: "The top of being, or of art, isn't high seriousness, it is gaiety." (They all know what ART IS, and they disagree at times.)

Gaiety for the Sculls begins when they wake in the morning in their bedroom to the brilliant yellows of two Willem de Koonings, when they see there a Pop Art arrangement by Claes Oldenburg, a John Chamberlain construction, and five small Renaissance bronzes. Or it begins when they open their front door and see a seated white plaster figure against a painted brick wall—the George Segal sculpture for which their friend Henry Geldzahler actually sat. (He is the Associate Curator of American Painting and Sculpture at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.) It is pleasant to see him, a little larger than life—short, fat, young, and smiling—looking rather like a good-natured guide in a small museum.

Going their own way, the Sculls have skipped from art rock to art rock, bypassing most of the landmarks, concentrating for the most part on the works of living artists. They have no chart, no necessity of aim. They are in accord with Mark Rothko's bluntly wise: "A painting is not a picture of an experience; it *is* an experience."

A dark-haired man with explosive energies, a neat way with wit, and a garrulous, amusing way of talking about subjects that fascinate him, Robert Scull becomes silent when faced with the reality of small talk. Sometimes that small talk overtakes him at cocktail parties, but more often on weekends in the winter when he climbs to the lofts of artists to see their work. Sometimes there is just nothing to say. And he says it.

He goes alone on these expeditions, leaving Mrs. Scull, an attractive blonde, with a slight figure and a talent (Continued on page 123)





MR. AND MRS. ROBERT SCULL

HANS NAMUTH

IN THE LIBRARY: MAINLY POP ART The effect of this room is happiness, with more than enough to keep the eyes and the senses alert. It is not a passive room, built for contemplatives. It is an active one, for active readers, with hi-fi hidden in the far wall. There is jounce and bounce—like the Sculls themselves. Of all the works in this room, the polished apple of the Scull adventure is this Andrew Warhol portrait of Mrs. Scull, thirty-five exploding views, chosen by Warhol from a series of three-for-a-quarter photographs, which were then "enlarged, silk-screened, individually inked." In sight here, *on the left wall,* an enormous 1963 James Rosenquist, "Early in the Morning," and the large Robert Rauschenberg, "Double Feature," painted in 1959. *Overthe doorway* is a Jasper Johns, "Bronze Flag," but through the doorway into the entrance can be seen Johns's impressive 1962 "Two Flags." *Note:* not shown, a desk with two bronze figures, one by Reg Butler, one by Giacometti.

A superb living room that holds the throb, the passion of an oasis of American Abstract Expressionism by some powerful masters of that disparate group: *far left,* Barnett Newman's 1960 "White Fire," next to Willem de Kooning's 1960 "Spike's Folly II." Shown on this page, *centre,* Mark Rothko's "No. 16—1960"; *on the right wall* near it, first, "1951 Painting," by Clyfford Still and then "Initial," painted in 1959-1960 by Franz Kline.



HANS NAMUTH

IN THE BEDROOM: VARIETY THE KEY Flexible as rubber bands, the Sculls put into their bedroom a mixed group of what they like. Shown here, only two walls and a Boulle desk on which stand their Renaissance bronzes, a small torso by César, and, at the right, "Scout" by Charles Frazier. The heart of *the far wall* is the yellow, marine-blue, and brown 1959 Willem de Kooning painting called "Spike's Folly I." Hanging *on the left wall* are Oldenburg's 1961 "Ray Guns," and a Johns, "4 the News," done in 1962. *On the shelf,* under the Johns, stands a Lassaw bronze sculpture. *Note:* not shown, a 1955 De Kooning, "Police Gazette," a monumental brilliance.

ART IS THE CORE: THE SCULL COLLECTION continued

for small talk, with the children. (When he does not like a new work, he is apt to blame himself, feeling that his antennae have failed to catch the wave length of the artist.) Sometimes Mrs. Scull likes what he buys, sometimes she can not stand it. Their responses are often a mile apart. What she does like, beyond her own special group of artists, is the talk about art. She likes to listen; she likes to put forth her ideas. She is fascinated with the whole art world. The pair of them are as open as windows. Unlike some collectors, they do not feel that they own Art, that they must clutch possessively their plowed field.

Early on, they started the pattern of the way they gather paintings and sculptures. He is the boss, he is the buyer. (None of that "we only buy what we both like.") She is the sympathetic spectator who has the sole responsibility for hanging, for placing. There she has a true talent. In the entrance, for example, she recently placed on the ceiling, like a Tiepolo, a Rosenquist blueprint from which dangle a series of raw light bulbs on wires.

Although the Scull Collection numbers about two hundred or so paintings and sculptures by international artists, only some fifteen per cent, or thirty, belong in the category of Pop Art. Through some curious wisp of public consciousness that fifteen per cent has had the greatest publicity. People say "Scull" and follow with "Pop Art." That the largest proportion of the collection is Abstract Expressionism is somehow overlooked. Although the Sculls are devoted to some Pop artists, they are not sacredly faithful to them. (At times the Pop paintings and sculptures seem to take over as though some of the apartment was a giant wrestling arena where Rauschenberg is putting a hammer lock on Wesselman or where Rosenquist has both shoulders down on the mat.)

In the living room, however, the big men of Abstract Expressionism take over—among them Kline, Still, Rothko, Newman. Some are markedly masterpieces, some are tokens of non-dangerous liaisons. Rarely do the Sculls believe they have bought masterpieces—it takes time for a masterpiece to make itself known to both its creator and its owner. (Sometimes both artist and collector die before that recognition takes place. When someone stupidly asked Franz Kline, "How do you paint a masterpiece?" he answered, sensibly, "I paint a painting. To do a successful painting is hard enough.")

That some of the works in the Scull Collection have turned out to be masterpieces is partly due to the sensitivity of Robert Scull who has put into the pieces he owns an enormous emotional force, a swing of excitement, a certain amount of passion, and some long dull Saturday afternoons spent just looking at paintings and sculptures and objects without getting any response except the hard pain of boredom.

Response is an important word in Robert Scull's vocabulary. During an interview for a CBS television program, he said, last year, "I respond to what the artist is doing, and then I want to own it." Preceding that remark came this explanation: "I'm really not concerned with the object out of its context. I have art that is made out of beer cans. I have art that's made out of pots and pans. Somehow or other a good artist seems to transform these objects into a valid and wonderful statement which gives me a great thrill. Sometimes the response may be immediate but it is based on many years of looking, of many experiences." Scull's deep reaction to Abstract Expressionism—he owns paintings by most of the masters of that school—led him once to say: "Sure, I think art is a great big river that just flows and it's been flowing for thousands of years. . . . Art doesn't win wars, but it's the only thing that remains after the civilizations go. Nobody knows much about the politics of certain Egyptian dynasties, but people remember the art, the great things that were created."

Robert Scull's experience of art began, naturally, long before he could buy even a small sketch by Anonymous. Born forty-five years ago in New York City where his father was a clothes designer, he started to carve his way at a reasonably early age. Although he never went to the College of Hard Knocks, he went, after graduation from high school, to whatever free evening classes he could get into. (Among other schools, he went to the Art Students League.) On weekends in those days he painted show cards for the neighbourhood candy stores, for the drugstores. On Saturday afternoons he had a part-time job selling shoes. On Sunday afternoons he drew sketches for ads for Saks 34th Street, and Saks Fifth Avenue.

All this led by a circuitous route to his joining Jacques Martial to form the firm of Martial & Scull, Industrial Designers, with a one-room studio on Union Square. Slowly they added to their first accounts—General Electric and Esterbrook Pen Company—until the firm had reached reasonable success by the time of the 1939 World's Fair. For the Gas Exhibits Building there, Scull carved in linoleum the murals, which he had designed and then enamelled. The firm later branched into films, working on *The World of Tomorrow* for the Petroleum Institute. By the time that, in 1944, he married Ethel Redner, a graduate of the Parsons School of Design, he had been involved with creative matters for years. Together, the Sculls plunged further into art. In their first apartment, an enormous one-room, with a dressing room, and a slice of kitchen, Mrs. Scull, who is known as Spike, set up her easel, with Mr. Scull turning part of the dressing room into a darkroom to develop the prints that he entered in photographic shows. (He won several prizes.) In those days the Sculls had a Murphy wall-bed; now, in their apartment opposite the Metropolitan Museum, they have chairs by Charles Eames and by Mies van der Rohe.

Although they owned no works of art, they lived so close to the Museum of Modern Art that at times they felt as though the museum were an extraordinary extension of their one room; as museum members, they usually entertained their friends at the museum's penthouse. Agreeing on the place of art in their lives, the Sculls did not agree often on the painters. She especially liked Salvador Dali and such social realists as Ben Shahn. He found his real wallop in the controlled jazzle of Mondrian, in the disciplined modulations of Barnett Newman.

In time the Sculls left the loving arms of the Museum of Modern Art, which had been unaware of its radiance in the lives of the Sculls, for a suburban Long Island house where they lived with their three young sons. For that house they bought their first painting, the negation of all their years of looking. At auction, they paid two hundred and forty-five dollars for a fake Utrillo. Stung by their stupidity, (Continued on page 125)

VOGUE'S MENU



PICNIC AT THE BEACH FOR SIX

BREAD STICKS WRAPPED IN PROSCIUTTO

Hard-boiled Eggs

Green Onions

LOBSTER TURNOVERS*

SPARERIBS WITH HONEY*

Sticks of Celery, Carrots, and Romaine

Salt and Pepper

A WATERMELON

LOTS OF ICY BEER

The equipment you will need for this outing is ideally scanty—only two or three thermal containers and some plastic bags. No knives or forks, no spoons, no plates: nothing to get lost, almost nothing left over to mar the margin of the deep-blue sea: you eat everything with your fingers.

If you start this picnic off by cracking a hard-boiled egg on your head and drinking a bottle of ice cold beer, the minor messiness will surely not disturb you.

After all, you have the sun in your eyes.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

LOBSTER TURNOVERS

FOR SIX PEOPLE

For the Pastry:

½ pound sweet butter
½ pound cream cheese
2 cups flour

For the Filling:

1½ pounds lobster meat, chopped
3 tablespoons butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 cup milk
½ cup grated Gruyère cheese

Make pastry the night before. Cream butter and cream cheese until perfectly blended. Place mixture in a large bowl with two cups of flour. Mix with a fork until completely combined. Knead for a moment and refrigerate overnight.

Next morning, in a double boiler, make a Mornay sauce with the butter, flour, Gruyère cheese, milk, add salt, cayenne. When smooth, add lobster. Allow dough to come to room temperature. Roll it thin. Cut into three-inch rounds.

Spoon lobster onto each round, and fold it in half. Pinch the edges of the rounds together with a fork. Bake in a 450° oven about 20 minutes.

Wrap these when still hot in foil and stow them in hot thermal container.

THE SNAPPER: The cream-cheese dough.

VOGUE'S OWN RECIPE

SPARERIBS WITH HONEY

FOR SIX PEOPLE

4 or 5 pounds of spareribs
1 cup soy sauce
2 tablespoons honey
½ cup sherry
1 clove of garlic, chopped
Hot mustard

Have your butcher separate each of the ribs.

The night before the picnic combine all the rest of the ingredients in a marinade. Soak the spareribs in this for two hours, being sure each rib receives a proper dose. Drain and reserve the marinade.

In the morning bake the spareribs in a 350° oven for 45 or 50 minutes, basting frequently with the marinade and turning once.

At the end brush the spareribs with a little more honey and glaze them under the broiler for 10 minutes.

Wrap quickly in foil and put into a thermal container.

Take some hot mustard along to smear on them.

THE SNAPPER: The honey glaze.

ART IS THE CORE

(Continued from page 123)

they were more careful in buying the small drawings, the little sculptures with which they began. On their first visit to Europe, they went really as students to the great museums. It was then that Robert Scull started to realize the magnificent sculptural qualities of Renaissance bronzes, and bought their first pieces. By now the Scull Collection includes great living sculptors—Henry Moore, César, Armitage, Chadwick, Giacometti, Reg Butler.

In 1955 the Sculls felt the tidal pull of Abstract Expressionism. They installed Mark Rothko, Franz Kline, Pousette-Dart, Okada, and De Kooning. One day, they heard their middle son, Stephen, then about nine years old, have this conversation with another child as the boys stood in front of a huge Kline painting, "The Orange and Black Wall." The neighbour child asked, "What kind of a crazy thing is that?" Stephen said: "You know there must be something wrong with you. You know what this is. A man took some coloured paints and he put them on the linen, and you know what it is? It's a *painting*—that's what it is."

Some years before that conversation, the boy's father had, in the course of his industrial designing, started to design garages, experimenting with a new method of construction, that of hanging walls on supporting columns. After building a few garages for clients, he built several for himself. In time that led him to his present business, running a large fleet of taxicabs, to an interest in an insurance business, to owning real estate, and to enough money to give his non-business time almost entirely to the pleasures of art.

It is one of his small eccentricities to buy American painting in Europe, perhaps in Brussels, Rome, London, or Paris. Unlike many collectors, he likes to commission works of art. Among those who have received such commissions are Andrew Warhol, Rosenquist, Rauschenberg, and Jasper Johns. Following their parents' ways, the three boys are also collectors. Fifteen-year-old Jonathan, who takes photographs at children's parties in order to pay for his serious collection, owns some good drawings. Last winter he commissioned Claes Oldenburg to make one of his plastic and papier-mâché sculptures, this one an airplane. Stephen owns Asiatic art, much of which he bought on Third Avenue. Lawrence, the youngest, collects twenty-five-cent prints from the Metropolitan Museum.

For art *is* the core of the Scull family's way of living. They are part of a fierce experiment. And they keep needing stronger meat. When they first bought Rothko's enormous stretch of deep maroon canvas with its great red slash, the painting seemed, to many, an outrage, a shriek in the night. The emotion in many of the Abstract Expressionist works, those Action paintings, as Harold Rosenberg called them, had the heat of spontaneity. Somehow these days they have a wonderfully calming effect, the power remaining, but the fervour drained. In the Scull Collection they are a beautiful pool. Hysteria, however, lies rather in the careful comments of the Pop men, in their satirical wisecracks, their pushing of art to what many think is the perimeter of the acceptable.

Robert Scull likes to ride on that perimeter. He has an appetite for shock, washed away at times by a love for the quiet, the subtle. Recently a friend said of him: "He's a painting addict. He's taking art in the veins, a mainliner."

NEW REPTILE CHIC

Shopping details about the shoes and boots on pages 88-97

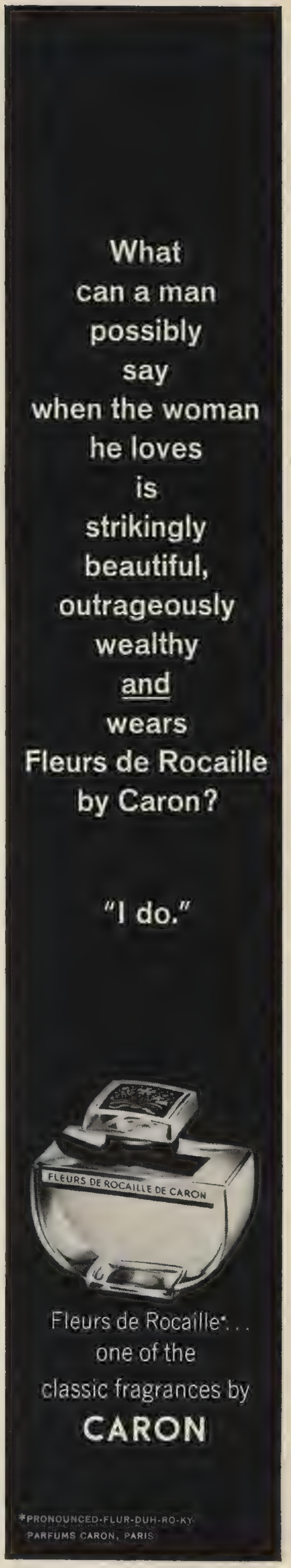
Shown on page 88: Narrow knee-high checked alligator and linen boots by Roger Vivier. To order at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, Detroit, Chicago, Beverly Hills, San Francisco.

Shown on page 91: Eighteenth-century alligator walking shoes with high, lifted vamps; wet-sand colour. By and at Andrew Geller, New York, Atlantic City, Miami Beach, Coral Gables, Chicago, San Francisco.

Shown on pages 92 and 93: Left, white lizard shoe by Julianelli. At Famous-Barr; Bullock's-Wilshire. Centre, yellow sling sandal by Charles Jourdan, at Guild House New Haven; Best's Apparel. Right, copper-red walking shoe by Palizzio, at Wanamaker's, Phila.; Miller & Rhoads; Joseph Horne; Famous-Barr.

Shown on pages 94 and 95: Left, high blue alligator sandals by Evins. To order: I. Miller, New York; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Blue stockings by Hanes seamless at G. Fox, Hartford; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne. Right, red cobra eighteenth-century walking shoe by Ken Scott at Lord & Taylor.

Shown on pages 96 and 97: Left, walking shoe by Adlib, at Julius Garfinckel; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Frost Bros.; J. W. Robinson. Upper right, boot by Golo to order: Henri Bendel; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Lower right, walking shoe by Stanley Philipson at The Blum Store, Phila.; Stix, Baer & Fuller; Al Rosenthal, Oklahoma City; J. W. Robinson. Stocking by Hanes seamless at G. Fox, Hartford; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Wolf & Dessauer, Fort Wayne.





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ESOTERICA *by Mitchum*

EATING AT THE FAIR, N. Y.

(Continued from page 114)

pioneers out of the Toledo.

P.S.: The Granada, another restaurant in the same pavilion, is less expensive, often less crowded.

DENMARK: The excellent little Danish restaurant has been superbly planned. The china, the silver, the glassware—everything has that spare elegance we have come to expect from the Danes. The food is all the pleasures of Copenhagen, a great many of which are flown over daily. It all must have seemed perfect on paper.

But, the crowds. Everyone who comes to the Fair wants to eat once at Denmark. The headwaiters, who have been meticulously chosen, and summoned here from California, Rio, and Madrid, are understandably harassed.

However, once you have finally got a seat, you do not have to get up again. The Grand Cold Table, the Tuborg beer, and the akvavit are brought to you. It is all excellent and less expensive than most.

SWEDEN: Here, the circumstances are much the same as in the Danish Pavilion: the glasses, the look, the crowds.

In Sweden, however, you do have to get up and serve yourself, and you will, from a table so laden with wonderful-looking food that, willy-nilly, you will overeat.

The price is the same as Denmark—not bad.

JAPAN: With luck, here is what will happen to you: you will sit in the upstairs restaurant on low chairs, with your shoes off, and be served by an exquisite Japanese girl who kneels beside you. She will be shockingly polite, and, although her English is delicious rather than idiomatic, you will want for nothing.

The Tempura is excellent and the Sukiyaki is made for you freshly, cup by cup, as you want it.

The downstairs restaurant costs less, but is strikingly less good.

This is one of the few restaurants that has a show with dinner, viewable upstairs or down. There can be no two minds about it, the little revue is excellent. It is packed with more of those beautiful girls, wearing costumes I haven't seen matched in years. I am sure I was not influenced by the fact that I was leaning back in my chair, shoes off, with a bottle of warm sake within easy reach.

FESTIVAL/64: This all-glass pavilion, decorated in gamuts of blue and green, is an extraordinarily pleasant place to dine. It is set over a pool dotted with circles of flowers.

The food is American, which means, of course, that it is international. James Beard, that celebrated eater, worked on the menu to provide everything from Convent Broth, Walnut Fried Boston Sole, Beef Scallops flared in Bourbon to Ice Cream Parlour Lover's Delight.

Expensive, yes, but worth it.

INDONESIA: The Indonesian Pavilion has a restaurant done on a grand scale. The room is huge, round and domed. There is a large gamelin orchestra, and on a raised stage in the centre of the room innumerable little golden dancers from Bali and Java entertain you during dinner. Excellent, they are.

The chef and a good many of his twenty-eight underchefs have come from Jakarta, and so has a Bumbu woman whose sole duty it is to grind and mix spices and herbs. The food, to say the least, is authentic.

You won't be entirely sure of what you are eating—or perhaps you are familiar with Soto Ajam, Rempejek, Nasi Putih, or Lapis Daging?

The service is relaxed, and the tables are far enough apart, a rarity at the Fair.

POLYNESIA: There is a great deal of Chinese food at the Fair. The Hong Kong Pavilion has it—Sun Luck, our Manhattan standby, runs that one—and the Polynesian is pure Chinese, too. If you have ever been to Papeete, you will not be surprised. The Chinese are everywhere.

The food here at the Polynesian restaurant is sensible and not too expensive. While you are waiting—and you will wait—you can climb to a circular balcony bar and have a rum drink with an island name: a Mai Tai, say.

Then you will descend and have a good, decent Chinese dinner. The entrepreneurs of this pavilion, veterans of the Seattle Fair, are not intimidated by the American tourist.

THE BRASS RAILS: Well, thank God for The Brass Rails. If you have a child in tow, these innumerable havens under their clusters of white balloons are the real answer. By now you know you can't tempt a child with turbot blazed in Pernod or salmon flown in especially—no, his closed, adamant little mind wants a hot dog or a hamburger, and *now*. The Brass Rails have them, and tiny pizzas too, along with those sweet sweet drinks of suspicious colours which are the equivalent of blood plasma to the young. (And if your little boy asks you about a little boys' room, The Brass Rail has them too.)

ROOMS WITH A VIEW: Of course there is The Top of the Fair, in the Port Authority Building, which has been running a long time: a huge room, decorated in Allen Street Moderne, the style Mr. Moses seems to favour. Mild food, and a superb view.

On the top of the Pavilion of American Interiors, Al Schacht has set up two areas—one, a neat glassy *plaisance* with two long bars and a scattering of tables, the other a large open-air roof garden. The food, as you would expect, is chophouse, and far from cheap. But the place has one gala advantage: from your table you have an unparalleled view of the fountains and fireworks which explode every night.

Conrad Hilton has had a good idea. On the enormous roof of the Better Living Pavilion, he has installed an international cafeteria. Literally, a cafeteria. Just as in real life, you carry a tray; but to any of a number of kitchens—Greek, French, South American, or whatever—make your choice and then sit indoors or out. The prices are moderate; the Martinis only a dollar—a bargain. Add the view—well, it may be the best of all.

ENVOI: Henri Soulé, who twenty-five years ago won everybody's heart and palate with his French Pavilion, is this year not a participant. But here is a suggestion. Why don't you get him to pack you a box lunch?

It may solve your problem. Take it, find yourself a comfortable bench beside a tinkling fountain, and dine in peace.

With luck, you may even look up and find yourself suddenly gazing through the spray at the Trylon and Perisphere.

BEAUTY BULLETIN

(Continued from page 100)

is a young man with no pretensions despite no little success; possessor of a good fashion eye and a quick mind filled with pleasant courant-cy. Partly because his wilder shores of hairdressing have been for wilder theatrical personalities; partly because much of his work for TV and film is constructed for short-term effect, and does not have to concern itself with several days' wear, he is hard to tab as to speciality. Nonetheless, because he has one of the most agreeable middle-size hairdressing salons in New York, and because he likes solving problems, he's a hairdresser to consider. He was first on the scene with the Oliver Cut (first victim, his charming young wife); and, subsequently, first on the scene with a coiffure devised for hair trying to grow out. For the woman making the transition from a layered haircut to a long cut, he'd have ideas.... More hairdressers, later.

(Continued from page 79)

was the least favoured child. He spent all his childhood trying unsuccessfully to earn his father's love: "He taught me about hate, which means he taught me, without realizing it, the importance of love. And he taught me that the real weapons were patience, and a kind of ruthless determination to endure and wait."

As the eldest of nine children, Baldwin learned to take care of them all: to bathe them, take them to a bread plant for day-old baked goods, defend them against their father, walk them in a stroller through the filth of Lenox Avenue, and, inevitably, to love them. His most persistent childhood memory is "taking care of babies with one hand and holding a book with the other." He read *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *A Tale of Two Cities* over and over again, and now counts "the King James Bible, the rhetoric of the store-front church, something ironic and violent and perpetually understated in Negro speech, and something of Dickens' love for bravura" among his most important influences.

When he was nine, a white schoolteacher gave him books, and encouraged him to write a play. She took him to the theatre and, for several years, did her best to help the family, but her good will only made David Baldwin suspicious. From the depths of his New Orleans experience, he assured his family that all white people were heathens and "would do anything to keep a Negro down." "I did not feel this way," wrote Baldwin in *Notes of a Native Son*, "and I was certain, in my innocence, that I never would."

When Baldwin was fourteen, the familiar rent parties, fights, prostitutes, and crimes of his neighbourhood began to take on a new attraction—and horror—for him. "The wages of sin," he wrote in "Down at the Cross," "were visible everywhere, in every wine-stained and urine-splashed hallway, in every clanging ambulance bell, in every scar on the faces of the pimps and their whores, in every helpless, newborn baby being brought into this danger, in every knife and pistol fight on the Avenue. . . ." Religion seemed to be the only alternative, and the church suddenly became his refuge.

At the end of an emotional crisis which lasted all that long hot summer, he fell screaming and writhing to the floor of the church in a fit of conversion that he finds mysterious even now: "One moment I was on my feet, singing and clapping and, at the same time, working out in my head the plot of a play I was working on then; the next moment, with no transition, no sensation of falling, I was on my back, with the lights beating down into my face and all the vertical saints above me."

He was told that he was "saved," that the hand of God had been put upon him, and it helped him to feel protected against the life of "the Street" and the strange changes in his own body. Gratitude, terror that he might backslide, and a conscious desire to compete with his father made him decide to become a Young Minister. He was a great success: the sermons he wrote were full of rich Biblical imagery, and what he now recalls as "the hysteria of my own dishonesty" lent passion to their delivery. For more than three years, he swayed crowds from the pulpit, but his own disillusionment grew steadily. He saw, from the inside, that the church was just another business to many of the people who ran it and he began, disastrously, to read Dostoevski. By the time he graduated from De Witt Clinton High School, his Sunday preaching had stopped, more education seemed pointless ("I'd seen far too many college-educated handymen for that"), and he had decided to leave home.

Wartime made it easy to get a job at a defense plant in New Jersey, but life on the job was far from easy. After seventeen years of living in a ghetto, he was exposed, for the first time, to the white world that had created it: the connection between his colour and his situation finally was made clear. He was introduced to Southern co-workers, black and white, thrown out of restaurants, treated as invisible by his white bosses, and finally—because characteristically, he chose to fight back—fired.

"That year in New Jersey," he wrote, "having an unsuspected predilection for it, I first contracted some dread, chronic disease. . . . There is not a Negro alive who does not have this rage in his blood—one has the choice, merely, of living with it consciously or surrendering to it."

Baldwin was called back to Harlem by his father's illness. On July 29, 1943—his lungs eaten away by tuberculosis and his mind by a bitterness that made him believe his family was poisoning him—David Baldwin died of self-induced starvation. On August 3, the day of his father's funeral, James Baldwin became nineteen. He looked around him at Harlem, at "brilliant people trapped in basements, being janitors," and fled to Greenwich Village to try ("I didn't have much hope, baby, but I knew I had to *try*") a writing career.

Baldwin worked at odd jobs during the day and wrote at night, but the Village wasn't the refuge he had hoped for. Friends turned out not to be friends ("I'd get invited to a party and find myself beaten up afterwards"), policemen arrested him ("they wanted to know why I wasn't uptown; there were only half a dozen Negroes in the Village then"), landladies evicted him, and he discovered new kinds of prejudice ("I went with a lot of white girls in those days"). But he did write fifty pages of the first version of his novel, *Go Tell It on the Mountain*, and Richard Wright liked them enough to help him get a Eugene F. Saxton Fellowship. The novel collapsed, and Baldwin went into hiding: "I was afraid to face anyone, let alone Richard. . . . It simply had not occurred to me in those days that anyone *could* approve of me if I had tried for something and failed."

A few book reviews ("about the Negro problem, concerning which the colour of my skin made me automatically an expert") and one novel (also unpublishable) later, the money from a second grant was running out and so was his confidence: "I could not be certain whether I was really rich or really poor, really black or really white, really male or really female, really talented or a fraud, really strong or merely stubborn. . . ." Armed with a one-way plane ticket and forty dollars, he sought another refuge: Paris.

For four years, Baldwin lived a precarious round of writing in cafés to keep warm, pawning and re-claiming his typewriter, learning to get on with French plumbing and French grammar, working as an office boy for an American patent attorney, and selling an occasional essay to "little" magazines.

More important, he made the disquieting discovery that, culturally, he had more in common with any Texas G.I. than with an African or Frenchman. One steadying influence was his friendship with seventeen-year-old Lucien Happersberger whom Baldwin took in, "partly because, I suppose, I still had the habits of an older brother," and the other steadying influence was his work: somehow, in the midst of uncertainty and self-revelation, he finished the second version of *Go Tell It on the Mountain*.

Staked to a ticket home by Marlon Brando, a friend from the Village, Baldwin arrived in New York with ten dollars and a novel in his pocket. He remembers that visit as a nightmare ("I had no money, I'd lost touch with my friends, and suddenly I was a 'nigger' again"); when Knopf bought the book, he used his advance to go back to Paris.

In Europe, he again found himself free but rootless. "Stranger in the Village," from his first collection of essays, *Notes of a Native Son*, records his visit to Lucien's family chalet in a Swiss village. He was a curiosity, not a human being; no black man had ever been seen there before, and children touched him "to see if the black would rub off." Whatever crippling problems Americans might have, he wrote, "no other people has ever been so deeply involved in the lives of black men, and vice versa." He made his decision: "I must accept the status which myth, if nothing else, gives me in the West before I can hope to change the myth."

(Continued on page 138)



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Turnabout blouse

Bright plaid shell of heavy Indian cotton, snaps at the front or back—depending where you want the row of golden grosgrain bows. Great over straight silk pants. S, M, L; $18. By Carmen G., Avant-Garde, Mechanic Street, New Hope, Pa.

One of Shop Hound's favourite places is the small town of New Hope, nestled in the lovely rolling countryside of Bucks County, Pennsylvania. A canal runs through the town and you can walk the grassy towpath for miles. There is a clutch of shops for early American antiques, amusing clothes, offbeat objects; and good restaurants are all over—try the French one at the edge of town, run by Odette Myrtil, a former Ziegfeld girl. A charming hotel, recently opened on Mechanic Street, is furnished in Spanish and Mexican antiques and open all year round. Right now, the Bucks County Playhouse (famous for good reason—it's one of the best) is in full swing; and in nearby Lambertville, the Music Circus presents Broadway musicals from the end of May to Labor Day. And if you're not exhausted by now, browse through the art galleries—The Golden Door and Bucks County Art Center, to name two.



JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON

Night-and-day doll

Coquettish little two-faced Victorian—awake on one side, eyes closed on the other. In a white chemise with blue stockings. Of cotton; 23" long. $3.50 ppd. Gingerbread House, 29 Mechanic Street, New Hope, Pa.

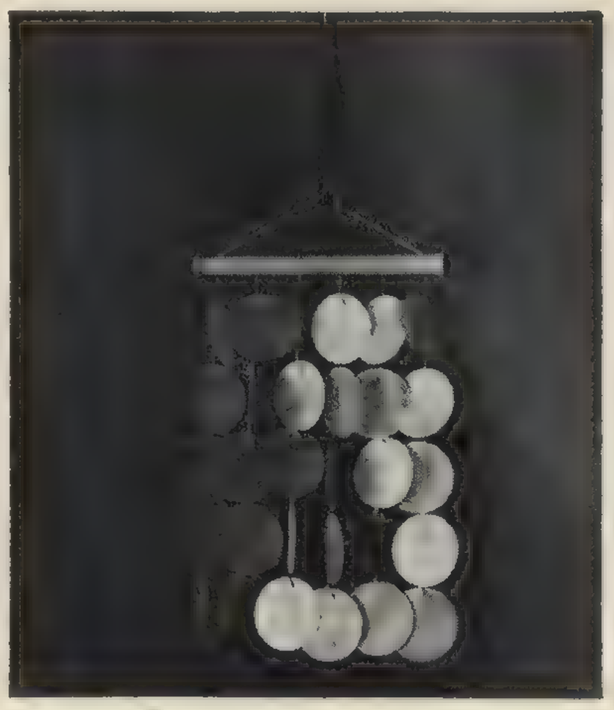
HOUND

visits New Hope . . .



Sitting duck

Wooden duck hand-painted in duck colours—something a man might like to have in his study. Male or female. Mallard, Pintail, Shoveller, and many others. $12. New Hope Craft Shop, 15 North Main Street, New Hope, Pa.



Oriental wind chimes

Translucent disks of a shell called window oyster on a bamboo rod—held in the breeze by a long-armed monkey of cast iron. $4.95 ppd. Japan Artisans, 15 W. Ferry St., New Hope, Pa.



Barbecue chic

Cooking-with-fire apron of dark-brown cotton suède, with a patch pocket for culinary objets. Washable; colour-fast. $6.30. Matching mitt, $3.85; hat, $4.30. All ppd. Country Squire Inc., 12 Bridge Street, New Hope, Pa.

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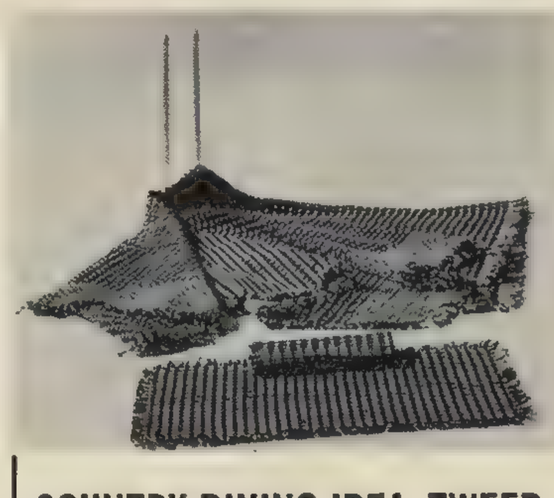
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A taste for artichokes
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The prettiest complexions begin with the cleanest skin, and one deep-cleansing idea we like works on the sauna principle: a twenty-minute dry-heat bath involving an electric face mask that goes on over a favourite face cream. Afterwards, a refreshing splash of astringent or cold water to close pores. $19.95 ppd. Dé Ans, 257 South Robertson Boulevard, Beverly Hills, Cal.

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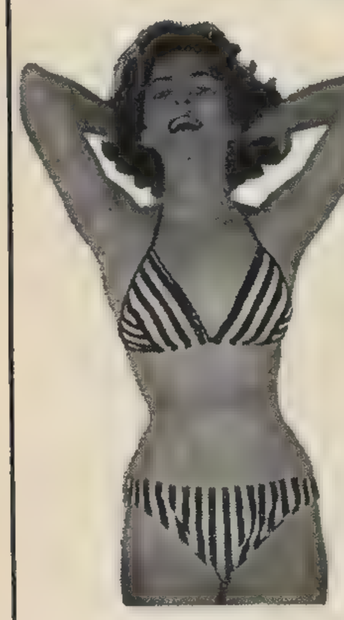
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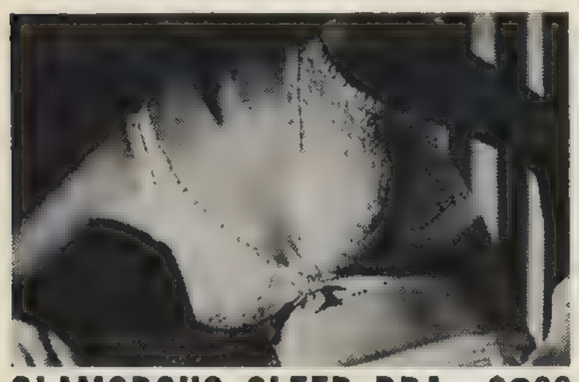


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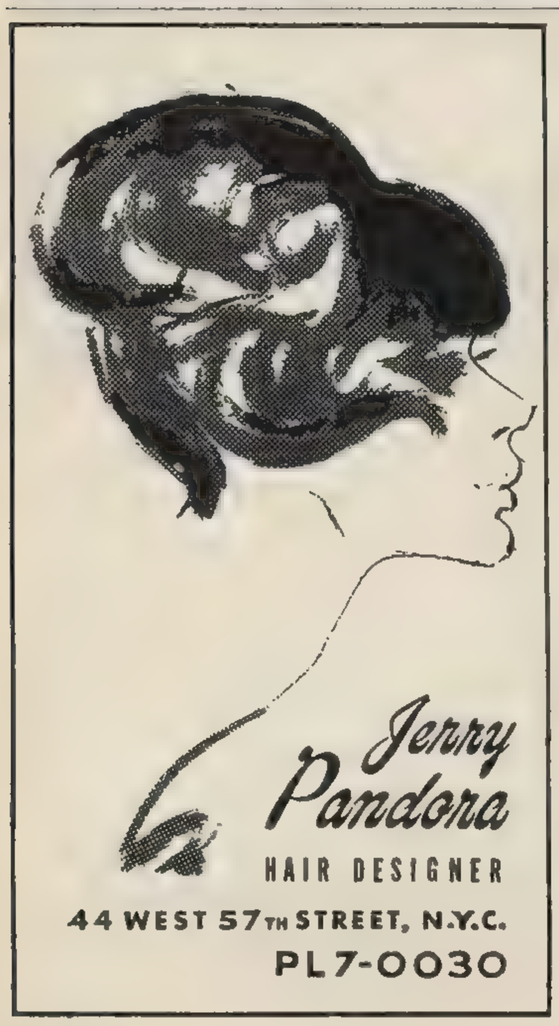
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African scarf print

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JEAN-PHILIPPE SADRON



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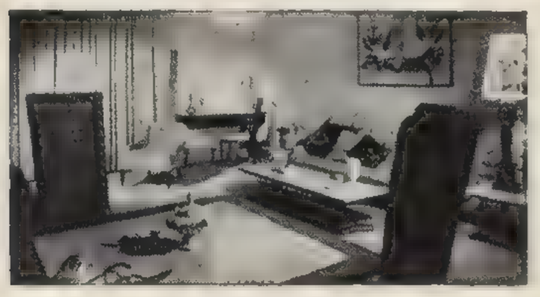
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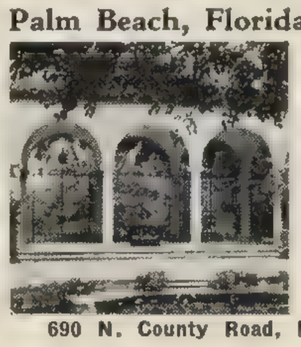
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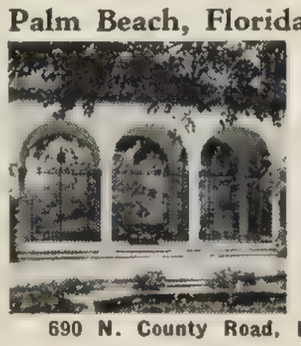
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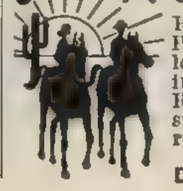
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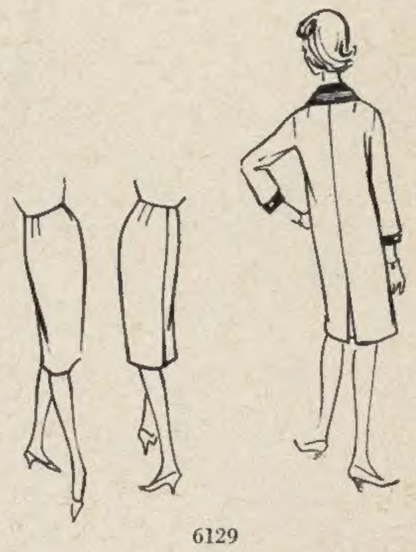
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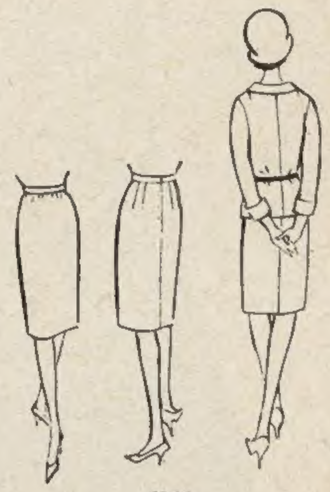
VOGUE PATTERNS

(Continued from pages 112-113)



6129

Coat, skirt, and blouse, Vogue Pattern No. 6129, in sizes 10 to 18. For size 14, coat requires 2⅝ yards of 54″ fabric without nap; skirt requires ⅞ of a yard of the same fabric. For the blouse, 2⅛ yards of 38″ fabric without nap; for coat collar and facings, 1⅜ yards of same fabric. Pattern includes ankle-length versions of coat, skirt. $2; in Canada, $2.20.



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JAMES BALDWIN

(Continued from page 129)

Like a man testing the water before he dives in, Baldwin made a nine-month trip home in 1954. He had never been South in all his thirty years, but he determined to conquer his fear and accepted an assignment from *Look* to travel there, and write about it. The trip marked the beginning of his commitment to the civil rights movement. "People talked to me as though I were a messenger," he said. "I had to get the message out." He went back to Paris to write, but there was no longer any question of where his roots were.

During the next ten years, Baldwin continued to shuttle back and forth between Europe and America. The discursive, elegant prose of his first essay collection received critical praise; his first play, *The Amen Corner,* was produced at Howard University; and he finished his second novel, *Giovanni's Room,* though its publication was delayed because at least one publisher objected to its homosexual theme. In 1957 and 1958, he worked as an assistant to the director, Elia Kazan, on the productions of *Sweet Bird of Youth* and *J.B.*, but decided that a career in the theatre "could only increase a level of frustration already dangerously high," and returned "like a good boy" to Europe to work on his most recent novel, *Another Country.*

At about the same time, the essays he had written since the 1955 publication of *Notes of a Native Son* were published under the title, *Nobody Knows My Name,* and his lucid, bitter writing on the South was a bombshell. He was already well-known as a literary figure and his controversial expression of the Negro movement was making him a national celebrity. Even those who disagreed with him most violently were forced to listen: as one Southerner said, "He's taught us one thing—when you look down at a small, ugly Negro boy, the intelligence of a James Baldwin may be looking back." With the publication of *Another Country* and the long essay, "The Fire Next Time," his place as the most strident and literate voice in the civil rights revolution was secure.

Wide-ranging and full of bitterness, he is determined to tell "just what it's like to be black, baby; I mean what it's *really* like." He never stops reminding us that our economy ". . . was built on my back; I picked the cotton, I built the railroads," that "you've made me the object of your sexual fantasies, and that says something about *you,* not me," and that, "there isn't a Negro alive who doesn't hate white people somewhere, sometime." He has no pity for liberals who "think they're doing something for *me,* as if they were missionaries; they've got to learn that they're doing it for *themselves.*" His message is always brutal: ". . . in the face of one's victim," he wrote, "one sees oneself. Walk through the streets of Harlem and see what we, this nation, have become."

But the brutality and urgency of his writing sometimes overpower another message. He does not hate or advocate hatred for a rock-bottom reason that he learned at his father's bedside: "Hatred, which could destroy so much, never failed to destroy the man who hated. . . ." When his characters destroy themselves—Rufus in *Another Country,* David in *Giovanni's Room,* the father in *Go Tell It on the Mountain*—it is always because they have become too bitter to give love or to accept it. When, like Vivaldo and Ida in *Another Country,* they succeed, it is only because they may be able to see each other clearly, without illusion, and to accept what they see with love.

In spite of his fascination with violence, Baldwin is almost like J. D. Salinger in his insistence on the spiritual necessity of loving: in "My Dungeon Shook," an essay in the form of a letter to his nephew, Baldwin wrote, "the really terrible thing, old buddy, is that *you* must accept *them* [white people]. And I mean that very seriously. You must accept them and accept them with love."

An interviewer once asked James Baldwin what he would say if a man from Mars suddenly appeared and asked, "What are you?" "At the time I left the country in 1948," he replied, "I would have answered your man from Mars by saying 'I am a writer'—with an edge in my voice while thinking: I am a nigger, you green bastard. Now I think I'd say to him: 'I am a writer with a lot of work to do and wondering if I can do it!' "

In spite of critical opinion that he is primarily an essayist, Baldwin is determined to continue writing fiction. ("I'm going to become a great novelist . . . at a certain point, you know, criticism becomes irrelevant.") His characters are often stereotypes and he rarely resists the temptation to step outside a dialogue and deliver a small philosophical lecture, but, like Eugene O'Neill, he piles up enough raw emotion to overshadow technical flaws. As Norman Mailer wrote of *Another Country,* "Its peculiar virtue is that Baldwin commits every *gaffe* in the art of novel writing, and yet has a powerful book."

He has little to say about his immediate plans for fiction except that he wants to write another play, "a knockdown, drag-out farce." The text for a book with the photographer, Richard Avedon, and an assessment of the Federal Bureau of Investigation for *The New Yorker* will be published soon. As he wrote of Richard Wright, ". . . he worked up until the end, died, as I hope I do, in the middle of a sentence."

Meanwhile, his life is still full of ironies. Publishers are offering him as much as one hundred thousand dollars to sign a contract, but habit and the support of nieces and nephews mean that he continues to live simply. He has received many awards and honours, including the recent election to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, but he has difficulty getting an apartment in New York City.

To solve the last problem, he plans to buy a house in which he can install himself, his office, his mother, Lucien, Lucien's wife, their eleven-year-old son, to whom Baldwin is godfather, and any other members of his entourage whom he wants with him. He admitted that it might be a pretty strange household, but when asked what would make it run, he had the answer. "Love, baby," he said, "just love."

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